The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns: neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Astounding Offer.—Donegal hand-woven tweeds and Irish homespuns, guaranteed pure wool. Suit to measure from 37s. 6d. Patterns free.—Wray, "Homespuns," Donegal.

Rainproof overcoat, dark, new, misfit, chest 37in., 42in. long, cost 35s.; cash, 21s.—Box 6005, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

For sale, fashionable £3 3s. double-breasted, dark grey, fleecy blanket, cloth overcoat, storm collar, straps and slit at back, fit man 5ft. 8in. to 5ft. 10in., chest up to 40in., splendid coat, never worn, accept 30s.—Box 6006, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sporting Coat Lengths, hand woven Donegal homespuns; patterns.—Jones, Tweed Merchant, Salop Street, Dudley.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

Cannon bagatelle table for sale, registered oval shape, scientific play, 8 by 4, slate bed, on stand.—Box 6007, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Badminton outfit wanted, good condition, cash.—Box 6008, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Complete camping outfit, perfect condition, tent, folding beds, blankets, stove, all utensils, particulars on request.—Box 6009, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Boy's Raleigh cycle, 21in. frame, 26in. wheels, free wheel, brake, new Cambridge tyres, splendid condition throughout, sell or exchange gentleman's, 24in. frame.—Box 6011, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib.

For particulars see page 841.

Cut here

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Wanted leather cricket bag, good condition.—Box 6010, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Cycles, ladies' and gent.'s, £11 11s. models, B.S.A., three speeds, perfect condition, gear cases, bought August; accept £4 10s., owners leaving home.—Gordon Scott, Dumferline, Kimberley Road, Southsea.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Wanted cheap for cash, I.C.S. advertising course.—Box 6012, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

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For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 842.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sore and Perspiring Feet.—The best preventive known. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 5013, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Indigestion, Constipation, Flatulence, safe, speedy, and certain cure; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 6000, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advertisement on page 840.

The Vertebra method for increasing height is unapproachable. Send 1d. day for free particulars.—Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Camera bargain. No. 6K Klito hand camera, absolutely unused, won as prize, takes twelve quarter plates, Anastigmat lens, F7.7, Automat shutter, rack focussing for portraits, cost £3 3s.; accept £2 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 5016, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, whole plate camera and lenses, first-class makers only; full particulars and lowest prices for cash.—Box 6002, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Quarter-plate stand camera, Beck lens, roller blind shutter, latest movements, 3 double slides, case, 3 fold tripod, 35s.—Box 6003, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted ¼-plate camera, must be good and cheap.—Box 6004, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d. post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 6d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

For sale, Fleet Duplicator, thrice used, cost 25s. What offers?—Box 6001, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Amusing sample free, novelties, puzzles; penny stamp for postage.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Sobieski lost the Newark Plate at Nottingham, when ading, by shying at a newspaper. Had he seen his hotograph, artistically blurred, as usual, in the "Daily irror"?

* * *

Golfing Query: What does Mr. C. J. Burnup?

* * *

Sir Alfred Downing Fripp recently prosecuted a man ho had sent him an alleged-to-be-fraudulent begging tter. Perhaps the latter relied for a living on Downing ripp.

* * *

A waggish Scots reader writes to say that, were there n amalgamation between "The Sunshine Girl" at the aiety and "The Water Nymph" at the Empire, something ood *sud* result from it.

* * *

Appropriately enough, the publisher of a book called Who's Who in the Theatre" is called Pitman.

* * *

Bachelors should note that the sort of woman who is apable of suing for breach of promise is also the sort who therwise would want to *wear* the breeches.

* * *

A "Daily Mail" headline runs: "The Miners' Poll." sounds like a parrot cry, doesn't it?

* * *

Our Fighting Editor is waiting with a large knobbly tick for the humorist who, regarding the "dash for the ole," sends us the query: "I wonder where our own aptain Scott to?"

* * *

The "motoring Laird" has, so it is said, gone to Paris. resumably, after living as a parasite in England, he spires to the existence of a Parisite in France.

* * *

The steward of a Preston club told the local magistrate hat, on the occasion of a raid, "no one was drunk, but hey got 'shakes' when the police arrived." If they had een allowed to proceed with their carouse they might have ot snakes instead.

* * *

No, "Enthusiastic Labourite," that newspaper para- raph entitled "Latest Wills" dealt with recent bequests, nd bore no reference to those very worthy M.P.'s, Crooks nd Thorne.

* * *

Mr. Spencer Butler, who has just retired at the age of ighty-four, has spent fifty-five years at the Bar. *No*, little oy; the Bar *I* mean is not the Bar *you* mean!

* * *

Seeing that Mr. Ogden Mills Reid, son of the American mbassador, has been appointed managing editor of the New York Tribune," there is hardly any necessity to nquire: "Can Mr. Ogden Mills Reid?"

J. S. Cox.

THE SMILE THAT CAME OFF.

On one occasion Mr. R. C. Lehmann, the famous oarsman, was coaching a very backward eight. Despite helpful and pungent criticism, they went from bad to worse, and at last Mr. Lehmann called an "easy," and addressed the delinquents:

"Stroke, seven, five, four, three, two, and bow," he said, "you are fools."

A pleased smile overspread the face of "six" at thus finding himself omitted from the general censure. Mr. Lehmann noticed it. "And six," he continued, "you—you are a blanked fool."

A PIANIST'S PIN.

Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, has an opal pin the intrinsic value of which is, perhaps, £10; but, nevertheless, he values it at £100, despite the further fact that it was originally a present.

Staying at a seaside resort, he lost the pin on the beach and happened to mention the fact in the hotel smoking-room.

The possibility of his recovering it was discussed, and tall stories told of marvellous findings. Mark offered to bet £100 to £1 that his pin would not be found, and one of the company took the bet. Mark felt safe, for the tide had already been over the spot where he was pretty sure he had lost the pin.

Next morning he and the taker of the bet repaired to the beach, and within five minutes the latter had found the pin. He was glad to recover it, but felt a trifle pensive as he wrote a cheque.

"I keep the pin," says Mark, "as a souvenir of folly, but I never wear it any more."

A FERVID STEVENSONIAN.

Mr. R. C. Carton, the dramatist, tells this story of Robert Louis Stevenson, from whom he had it first-hand.

Stevenson was lying ill, very ill, when he was told that a stranger wished to see him.

Stevenson replied that he was sorry, but he could see nobody. The servant, however, returned and reported that the visitor was an American who had come all the way from the States for the purpose of having the honour of shaking hands with his favourite author.

Touched, Stevenson consented to see his unknown admirer, and in came a typical Yankee, who forthwith expressed the most fervid admiration for Mr. Stevenson and his works.

"It is very kind of you, very kind of you," said the novelist, when he could get a word in edgeways. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me which of my books has most pleased you?"

"I guess that's dead easy," replied the Yank. "'King Solomon's Mines' all the time."

NAVAL GRIEVANCES.

Mr. Winston Churchill is looking into the matter of summary and minor punishments in the Royal Navy, and should he succeed in doing away with the present system he will earn the gratitude of the "handy man" at large.

Without making any charge of tyranny against the average naval officer of superior rank, there is no doubt that too much power is placed in his hands.

For example, an Army N.C.O. can be reduced in rank only by sentence of District Court Martial, or, in most exceptional cases, by direct order of the Commander-in-Chief. On the other hand, a naval petty officer, who corresponds to the Army non-com., can be reduced to the ranks or a lower rank by order of the captain of the ship. Reduction is a serious matter, involving, as it does, not only loss of pay, but loss of pension wholly or partly.

Then the minor punishments to which men are subjected are childish, if not actually degrading.

To make a grown fighting man stand on deck gazing at the paint-work like a "booby" in school is both irritating and undignified.

Prison warders are said to be governed by about two thousand regulations, and there are at least as many trivial offences for which the bluejacket may be put in the commander's report, and for which he is punished like a baby.

Give the naval petty officer the same rights in regard to liability to reduction as the Army N.C.O., and abolish nagging punishments for niggling offences, and the Royal Navy will be a far more contented service than it is.

A TALE OF SWANK.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The diminutive and stubbly-bearded shell-fish merchant of Nor'sea sighed as he put down his empty tankard.

"No," said he to the Friend of all Nor'sea, a gentleman of unaffected converse and occasional hospitality. "There's no gettin' away from it. This 'ere place is very slow without that there young pal o' yours, Mr. Clipstone. He was a toff if you like. He was what *I* call a toff, anyway.

"'Lot o' fellers used to look on him as one who drew the long bow now and then, talkin' about where he'd been and what he'd done.

"And when they used to as much as say so they used to be surprised when he gave 'em a biff in the jaw.

"But we always got on all right. Every Saturday night reg'lar I used to take up a hundred of oysters, which was for the oyster soup in the menew of the dinner 'e was standin' a few pals. And there'd be a shillin' for me for openin' of 'em.

"And often as not Mr. Clipstone 'ud come a-stridin' through inter the kitchen all in 'is evenin' dress an' 'is white shirt, and say, 'Have you had your drink, Larn?' I'd say, 'No, sir, I haven't.' And 'e'd go and fetch me a whisky bottle out of the dinin'-room and say 'Finish that, then.'

"True enough, it wasn't often as there was more than three fingers of it; but that was only as it 'appened to be. I never was a man with much luck.

"But you can wager on it that if it 'ad been 'alf a bottle 'e'd 'ave said 'Finish that, Larn,' just the same.

"Never a man to worry over trifles was Mr. Clipstone, and that's my *idea* of a toff, that is.

"'Ired my boat to go off for a night's fishin', 'e did once. He had five other gentlemen on board. Took no skipper with him. Said he knew all about sailin' boats.

"I was there as a passenger, and I had the sauce to interfere with his managin' of the craft when a breeze sprang up.

"He says to me 'What's the value of this boat?' he says.

"And I told him. And he writ me out a cheque there and then with his founting pen.

"'If we lose the boat,' says he, 'I've paid for it. Now this is my boat, that is unless we land safely, when you'll return me the cheque,' says he. 'So get avast you bleary-eyed beggar,' he says, attemptin' the sailor's talk. 'Belay there!' 'e says.

"And,—you would ha' laughed, sir,—he bungs me into the little fore-cabin and locks the door.

"'Show your ugly head out here again, and I'll shoot you deader than a washed-up starfish,' says he.

"And he pulls out his revolver and he nearly killed me he was that funny.

"Now that's what I call a toff, that is—a wee bit masterful, perhaps, in his jocular way, but, mark you, a toff.

"You see, I had the cheque in my pocket if he lost the boat, and it's just possible I should ha' got washed ashore all right.

"Mr. Clipstone always paid. If he happened to knock you down with his motor there was a quid for you when you came out of the 'ospital, and he'd treat you every time he saw you for a week after.

"Money? He used to spend it like water to my way o' thinkin', and if no one else liked him, they must have liked him all right over at the 'Three Tuns.'

"Must ha' spent six or seven quid a week there one way and another, what with stuff he had sent up to the house. Champagne y'know, none o' your sparklin' hock, was his peg o' mornin's. Yes, must ha' spent six or seven quid a week.

"Fact, I know he did, 'cause the painters are in there this week in the saloon doin' it up where it got a bit damaged on them nights when he used to get sort o' jolly an' start throwin' the chairs about to amuse the company. Landlord told me that the profit on what he spe there just about paid for the re-doin' up of the place.

"Honest as the day, too.

"Last time I took a few oysters up there he hadn't a change.

"'Got change for a fiver, Larn?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'I haven't. But don't you let that wor you, sir."

"And when he comes back from foreign, you see, I sh *get* it, all right. I'm sure to get it. If you're straight wi people they're straight with you!"

Voicing this unwavering belief in his fellow-men general and in Mr. Clipstone, Nor'sea's one authentic duly-proved, if mad, man of money, in particular, Mr. La puffed the puff of a man whose simple faith in human natu yet remains.

"You mark my words, sir, if you're present at the ti when I ask him for the two bob he owes me.

"He'll kick me for troublin' him about it in a public ba and then he'll give me a 'arf dollar, bein' a tanner for mere kick. That's the sort of real toff he is."

"STRINGING" AT BILLIARDS.

"Shall I break or will you?" is the usual question wh two men are starting to play a hundred up, and the more less protracted polite skirmish that invariably follows result in mild embarrassment on both sides.

If they toss for it, there is the same sort of skirmish see which shall spin the coin. It is far simpler to g through the process of "stringing."

Each man simultaneously plays his ball from the baul line to the top cushion. The player whose "pill" com back nearest to the baulk line has the option of breaking.

PAWLE AND PUDDEN.

Mr. Lennox Pawle, the actor, was at one time princip comedian at the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End.

Mr. Pawle, it may be mentioned, is a gentleman of goo birth, although he served his dramatic apprenticeship in th East-End, and one evening some fashionable friends of h family came to see him perform.

His part finished during the last act, so he changed an went round to his friends' box in order to escort the to their carriage after the show.

At the Pavilion the players leave by the front, and it customary for a large part of the audience to wait to se them depart.

When Mr. Pawle emerged with a lady on each arm h was greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheers, and such re marks as "Hullo, Lennox, ole sport, 'ow are yer?" an "Got yer missus wiv yer?"

"Oh, Mr. Pawle, you *are* popular," exclaimed one of th ladies.

Mr. Pawle modestly deprecated the compliment. Ther was an impressive silence as he helped the ladies into thei carriage. Then came the shrill voice of a small boy, "Good night, ole pudden face."

TESTING A SECOND-HAND BICYCLE.

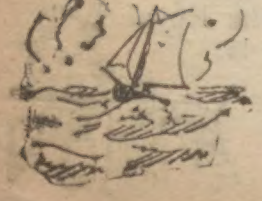
Never buy a second-hand bicycle without previously ove hauling it and giving it a thorough test. If you are a novice it is better to get an expert cycling friend to come with yo and do the examining, but failing such assistance, here ar some useful points.

First look at the teeth of the back chain-wheel. If th bicycle is fairly new and has been considerately used by it would-be vendor, the teeth should not be much worn; bu if they are, do not purchase the bicycle.

Have a look at the bearings next. If they seem tigh here and loose there, or if they will not run freely unless you shake the machine vigorously, you can be sure tha there has been much uneven wear inflicted upon them See that the head can be adjusted properly, and that th wheels "track."

Another big thing to remember is to see that the chai wheels are in line. The simplest way of doing this is t see that the teeth of the chain-wheels do not scrape agains the sides of the chain links.

Finally, cast a keen glance all over the frame to se that there are no dents in it. A good tip is to run you hand all along the frame, and if you find any uneve patches in the enamel, you can bet there is a dent there.



LONDON CAMEOS.

XVIII.—BOTH BLIND.

Opposite Devonshire House, at Hyde Park Corner, a poor old blind man stood hesitant on the edge of the pavement, waiting to cross the road. His back was bowed, his palsied hands held shakily in front of him the stick with which he tapped his way.

"Can I help you?" inquired a man's cultured voice, and a Piccadilly "swell," turning from the languid path of direct progress, took him gently by the elbow and waited an opportunity to pilot him across.

"You're very good, sir," quavered the old man. "You're very good."

"Not at all."

"I'm main nervous in traffic. I don't often come away from my beaten track. I live down Pimlico way, but my darter's been ill and I had to come up to see her. You'll perhaps know what it is to put yourself out for your children's sake."

"Can't say that I do, old chap. You see, I'm not married. But here we are! Here's our chance! Go steadily."

"God bless you, sir," quavered the old man. "I'll be all right when I get on the other side."

They paused a few moments on the "island" half-way across, then resumed and completed their journey.

"Thank you, sir," said the old man as the other released his arm. "Thank you very kindly, sir. I'll be getting on now. I'll be all right now, sir."

"Ah—here's a shilling for you."

"God bless you, sir."

"Nice old buffer," thought the "swell" as he lounged along in the opposite direction.

And it was not until fully an hour afterwards that he missed his gold cigarette case from the side-pocket of his coat.

G. A.

THE GIRL MEN DISLIKE.

AN UNPLEASANT MODERN TYPE.

Unhappily the type of girl is not as rare as one could wish, though she is not by any means to be met with every day. Still, we could do with fewer of her kind.

On first acquaintance she does not "give herself away," but will even condescend to those trivialities of general conversation which act as a sort of shaking to enable the man and the girl to get to know each other's general outlook, tastes, and level of thought.

These harmless necessary preliminaries do not last long, however, and this kind of girl soon begins to display her particular weakness.

This weakness may be perhaps best described by the slang term "talking big."

No matter what direction the conversation may take, the girl wrenches it out of the man's hands and proceeds to let him know that she has long since known all there was to know on the matter.

The subject may be horses. Now we may know for a fact that the girl has worked hard all her life as a typist, and has never been nearer a horse's back than on the top of a 'bus. Yet she "talks big" about hunting and driving, and even racing, in such a manner as to give herself away completely.

The miserable man hastens to change the subject, and perhaps clutches at theatres. Oh, yes! The girl is quite a star already. No, she has never "been on" she will say; but she will add that parts innumerable have been offered to her—she may even say by George Edwardes—just when she liked to walk up to his office and accept them. She puts the famous actors and actresses in their places with regard to their talents. "Oh, So-and-So can't act and never will" is one of her favourite "criticisms" of some world-renowned man or woman.

It is just the same, whether the subject be music or restaurants, or Ascot, or the politician of the hour, or the newest novel and its writer—she sums them all up without hesitation. Indeed, she seems to know intimately every great man and woman of the age.

The poor listener passes from amazement to amusement, then to pity, then to boredom, and, finally, to a shuddering contempt.

SALOON-BAR BLACKMAILERS.

HOW AN UNSPEAKABLE HUMAN TYPE MAKES A LIVING.

There is a well-known and well-worn proverb that knowledge is power, and nobody appreciates the truth of it more than the hardly human biped who forms the subject of this article. He has summed up the secret of draining the utmost drop of profit from the frailty of his fellow-men.

It is principally in the West-End of London that he congregates, especially in the cosily-appointed saloons and "lounges" which are to be found there in such numbers. If you come across a member of this disgusting fraternity, watch him closely. You will never—or hardly ever—find him alone. He will be in the companionship of some prosperous-looking person. Still, watch closely, and you will eventually see sums of anything from half a crown to five pounds passed surreptitiously from the prosperous-looking person to the other.

HUSK-MONEY.

Why? Is it because the donor—he *is* a donor, because he will never see the money back—is it because the donor has reason to like the recipient? Not a bit of it! It is because he has even more reason to fear him. The crafty recipient possesses the knowledge that constitutes power, as far as the luckless donor is concerned.

Saloon-bar blackmailers abound. The casual observer, who sees the habitual West-End waster apparently flourishing, simply explains this away by crediting him with living on card- or billiard-sharping. But this is not the case. There are not enough "mugs" to go round; but the men who have some "kink," and who frequent the West-End hostelries to satisfy this "kink," are as numerous as blackberries in autumn; and it is upon them that nine out of ten West-End wasters manage to live and dress well.

SCRAPING ACQUAINTANCESHIPS.

They are careful to be regular customers of several lounge-bars, between which, without favour, they divide their time from morning till night. By the easy procedure which obtains in such places, they manage to get into conversation with moneyed-looking strangers. Passing the match-stand, asking the time—anything of the kind will do.

Here, for the information of the guileless, it may be mentioned that under no circumstances whatsoever should one enter into chance acquaintanceship in public places in London. The opening of conversation may seem quite natural—it is the blackmailer's object to see that it shall—but that should only put you the more upon your guard.

The blackmailer—a well-dressed and apparently gentlemanly-looking person—stands a drink, and the victim reciprocates. The former repeats his hospitality, and so it goes on. Possibly the blackmailer invites the other to "look in at the Empire" with him—generally a very useful stroke. And gradually the conversation verges towards intimate private matters, which is just what the schemer wants.

SECRETS AND WINE.

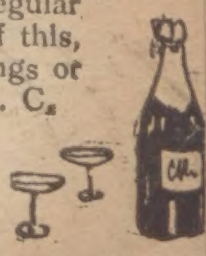
Over the psychological drink in the music-hall lounge he gleans some piece of information, which the other gives with some such silly remark as "Of course, my dear fellow, I *know* it won't go any further." The other inwardly realises how much harm would be done if the victim's employer, father, or wife happened to hear this piece of information. Once he has got it, he knows he has secured an income in irregularly varying sums.

Henceforward, whenever he meets the dupe, he will allude to it, apparently laughingly, but with a readily-apparent sinister meaning. And later, when he says, "By the way, dear old boy, I'm absolutely skinned. Have you half a sov.?" he knows perfectly well that the amount will be forthcoming. But the money is *not* a loan. It is no more nor less than a levy of blackmail.

Another rich source of income to the saloon-bar blackmailer is the publican—a numerous class—who "makes a ready-money book."

The publican knows that a certain number of his regular frequenters, not to call them bar-loafers, are aware of this, and whenever they ask for the "loan" of five shillings or so he simply dares not refuse.

H. C.



BEHIND THE BIOSCOPE.

ADVENTURES OF THE MAN WHO TAKES THE MOVING PICTURES.

"Yes, as you say, it's an exciting life," said a bioscope photographer to the writer, "and it appeals to the rather restless man by reason of its infinite variety. I have an entirely different sort of picture to take every day from the kind I took the day before.

"Sport? Yes, I have to photograph all sorts of sport, from racing (steeplechasing, though, mostly) and football to aviation. But perhaps I see more excitement when I am doing more 'general' pictures.

"For instance, I was working not long ago for a firm that specialised in train-smash pictures. They had an extensive tract of land, and had erected a small railway upon it. This is how they took the pictures. I had to stand beside the driver of a light engine which was advancing towards a stationary train—only a 'prop,' of course—and I had to go on taking my continuous photographs until a second or two before we reached it, when the driver had to pull up. Then an empty engine was set going and crashed into the dummy train, while I took more photographs from the side. These were then joined on to the previous films.

"I had a very exciting moment once, though, when I was on the engine; for this time, just as we were nearing the other train, the driver shouted:

"'Jump off, for heavens sake!' He couldn't get the brakes to act. So I jumped, with him after me, and was unconscious for hours. My pictures, of course, were ruined.

ATTACKED BY A SEAGULL.

"Another rather nervy experience was when I was getting some 'nature pictures' on the Cornish coast. I was being slung over a steep, craggy cliff, with my camera in my hand, and, having got it levelled in position on a nest in which was a seagull busily attending to her young brood, I started turning my handle cautiously. But the click-click of the machine startled her, and she dashed out, and with great pluck started pecking away, not, luckily, at me, but at my unfortunate camera! You can imagine what a weird effect that picture presented!

"I never want to biograph another wrestling match, if it's anything like the Gama-Zbysco contest (?) that took place at the Stadium. If you remember, the men were on the mat, hardly moving, for hours, while Zbysco lay on his tummy and Gama vainly endeavoured to lift his adversary's ponderous bulk. There were about six of us bioscope-photographers round them, and for interminable minutes and quarters of an hour we simply didn't bother to turn our handles! There was no need to, for Zbysco, at any rate, didn't move a muscle.

WELL IN THE PICTURE.

"I don't know if you saw a bioscope picture last year, at music-halls and electric-theatres all over the country representing a big Cup-tie. At one moment of the game the ball might have been seen to be getting bigger and bigger, and suddenly the film stopped. This was because the leather was kicked out of play and did a thing that may never happen again. It struck the camera. I was not the operator, but I was working for another firm, and saw the occurrence. This, however, was hardly as remarkable as the case when Albert Trott smashed the clock on the pavilion at Lords' with one of his famous drives.

"In conclusion, I may tell you something which I would not divulge if my own name were going to be published. This is that a bioscope firm never misses an aviation meeting if it can help it, and it usually has one machine for every aeroplane. The rather ghastly reason for this is that there is so much likelihood of there being an accident, that no risks are taken of missing such a scoop

ROYAL DANCERS.

"Similarly, you may have noticed how frequently there are exhibited films depicting the doings of foreign Royalties. Whether it be at the opening of a new public building, the launching of a battleship, or a review of troops, whenever a foreign crowned head appears in public there are several operators deputed to take a film of the event. In themselves these films are only moderately interesting, but there is always the possibility of an attack being made upon the rulers in question, and the film depicting such an outrage would be in great demand amongst a sensation-loving public."

R. Mills.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

The Editor of the M.M. has deputed me to answer the following letter:

"Would you be so kind as to give me advice upon how to be able to talk correctly when in company. Also, how to write a sensible letter? I have had a fairly good education in one of the best schools in our town, but I am sorry to say that while serving my apprenticeship I have neglected my mode of speech considerably."

I take it "correctly" is here used in two senses—first, speaking grammatically, and next, talking well, that is in an agreeable and entertaining manner.

The question of speaking grammatically is rather a difficult one. The essence of good conversation is naturalness, and a person who talks naturally is seldom strictly grammatical. A well-bred person may say "It's him," or "It's me" without exciting comment. Indeed, to say "It is he," or "It is I" savours of pedantry and affectation, and is, therefore, out of place in ordinary conversation.

HALL-MARKS OF ICNORANCE.

There are, however, grammatical faults which are not to be condoned. There is, for example, the error of using "that" in place of "so"—e.g., "I was that tired," when the speaker means, and should say, "I was so tired that——"

Again, ill-educated persons habitually use the present tense for the past, as, for instance, "I run as hard as I could," when it should be "I ran."

There is the man who drops his aitches, who says "some-think" for "something," "dror" for "draw," "gime" for "game," and so on.

I could give many more examples of incorrect speech, but the point is how to cure oneself of such faults. It is by no means an easy job. Obviously the plan is to think before you speak, but there is the danger of your effort being painfully obvious. The man who is trying to pronounce his aitches correctly is apt to make a manifest effort when he comes to a word beginning with an aitch or a vowel, and this sort of thing is painful to the educated listener.

READING ALOUD.

I don't know what my correspondent's particular faults are, but I advise the man who has got into the way of mispronouncing words, and is conscious of doing so, to make a list of them and assiduously to practise uttering them properly until he does so automatically. A course of elocution lessons, or constant reading aloud to a friend competent to criticise would also be very helpful. A man who speaks badly can certainly learn to speak well if he will give his mind and time to it.

Imperfect breeding often shows itself in the mode of addressing or alluding to another person.

Don't, when talking to a lady, keep on repeating her name. On the other hand, never, never address a lady without giving her her surname. I mean, don't say "Beautiful day, isn't it, Miss?" Say either, "Beautiful day, isn't it?" or "Beautiful day, isn't it, Miss Brown?" or whatever her name may be.

WHEN "MISTER" IS USED.

Equals do not "Mister" each other, except in the case of a young man addressing a much older one.

On the other hand, if talking to a lady, and you allude to another man, speak of him as "Mr. So-and-So."

A gentleman when alluding to another man does not say, "He is a very nice gentleman," but "he's a very nice man," or "a very good chap." Similarly, a well-bred man, speaking among equals of a lady does not say, "She's a very charming lady," but "She's a very charming woman."

It is the under-bred who habitually allude to each other as "ladies" and "gentlemen."

Even harmless expletives are best avoided when in the presence of ladies. I don't say there is any real harm in an occasional "By Jove" or "Great Scot," but on the whole such phrases are best avoided, more especially in strange or comparatively strange company.

Don't say "Good-day" when taking leave of a person, unless he or she is an inferior, but "Good-bye." Facetious phrases, such as "Olive oil" or "Au reservoir" should be avoided even among men. Even "au revoir" is incorrect, for a Frenchman does not say "au revoir," but "au plaisir de vous revoir," or, shortly, "au plaisir."

E. H. Hill.

(To be continued.)

THE CONVERSION OF THE EARL.

AN OTTER-HUNTING STORY.

By CHARLES HEWSON.

"I don't care," said the Earl, "there are no fish left in either lake, and I am convinced that otters are responsible. I shall trap them. There used to be capital fishing here in my father's time, when I was a lad; carp and tench and eels galore; and, properly cooked, they are better than all the fish that ever came out of the sea."

The master of the otter-hounds lifted his eyebrows despairingly.

"It's your water, Lord Allingham," he said, "and, of course, you will do as you like. Still, as a practical naturalist, I can assure you that if the fish have disappeared from either the Long Water or the Broad Water it is not due to the agency of otters. No doubt they do occasionally visit the lakes; but they don't stay, and the toll of fish they take must be very small on big water like yours. If you set traps you are not very likely to catch an otter; but if you should do so you may spoil the sport of the local pack for the rest of the season."

"That I cannot help," replied his lordship. "I have no doubt you know more about otters than I do, but I know more about fish than you; and I am sure that the otters have taken the fish."

"What about pike?" inquired the master.

"Pike? There hasn't been a pike seen here for thirty years," returned the Earl.

And the answer was unanswerable.

The house-steward at Allingham Court was ordered to procure an otter-trap from some maker in London; and on his next visit to his Southshire estates the Earl had it set on the Broad Water, close to the bridge that carried the drive between the two lakes up to the house.

On the following morning, soon after dawn, Lord Allingham, who was an early riser, went down to the landing-place at which the trap had been set above water, and found there—stiff and dead—his little daughter's favourite Persian cat, which had inquisitively placed its pretty head between the cruel steel jaws and met a terrible fate.

Calling a gardener, the Earl had the cat surreptitiously buried, and gave orders that the trap should be reset under water at a little distance from the shore, where it was shallow enough for the purpose. For some days nothing occurred. Then Lord Allingham, looking forth from the window of his dressing-room, saw in the light of dawn some white object motionless in the place where the trap remained set. He hastened to the spot to find that one of his finest swans had been caught by the beak in the fatal contrivance, and, held by the weight with its head under water, had suffered death by drowning.

After that he gave up the attempt to trap otters and wrote to the master to announce his change of purpose and to ask him to bring the hounds over at an early date and try for an otter in the legitimate way.

Now the Allingham Court waters were not a favourite draw. The springs which fed them rose only a few hundred yards distant in the park, there was little cover on the banks, and the outfall went through covered conduits for a couple of miles to a muddy "haven" that led through flat marshes to a barren, sandy shore, unfrequented by otters. The nearest river was some miles distant inland; and although the lakes might be occasionally visited by a chance otter, he knew that he might bring hounds there twenty times running, only to experience a blank day.

He, therefore, wrote to say he would be happy to come over with a reliable terrier and try the banks of both sheets of water; and if he found any signs that otters were using the lakes he would wire for the pack and give his lordship a bye-day.

The Earl promptly invited him to lunch, and himself walked with them round the four or five miles of shore that bounded the Broad Water and the Long Water together.

The master carefully examined every likely spot on the banks at which an otter might have landed, but there was no "seal" visible on the mud, no grass beaten down where an otter might have rolled, no remains of frogs or eels to tell of a midnight meal. Only at one place was there a mess of fish-scales and blood; but, as he pointed out to his noble host, beside it was the unmistakable tell-tale print of a heron's foot.

Having made a complete circuit of both lakes they returned to the bridge, and were joined there by the peer's younger brother and heir-presumptive. He heard the master's report in silence, then said:

"Well, d'you know, I thought I saw an otter swim across from this bank to the island last night when I was finishing my cigar on the bridge. It was fairly light, and I was sure I saw it land between those two rhododendron bushes."

"Let's take one of the boats and go over and make sure," said the master, wishing to do his work thoroughly. "Of course, it is possible that an otter might have swum right up the lake and landed on the island; and there is plenty of cover there."

They pulled over quickly, the master in the prow; and, leaning over, he searched the soft mud at the spot indicated by the Hon. Charles Allingham for any sign of the quarry having landed; but there was none.

Picking up the terrier, he put him ashore and sent him among the bushes. Then they pushed off the boat and rowed slowly round the little islet. Suddenly there came a sharp bark from the dog.

The master stood up as the boat's nose was pushed into the inlet, and asked his companion to pass him the boat-hook. He parted the weeds and grass.

"What's that!" exclaimed the Earl. "I believe that's an otter."

"More likely a rat," returned the master. "Let's get round to the other side and see."

A few strokes of the sculls, and they could see the terrier busily hunting up and down the bank beside a small weedy creek that ran some dozen yards into the island at this point.

The master stood up as the boat's nose was pushed into the inlet, and then, without turning, he asked his companion to pass him the boat-hook. He parted the weeds and grass and disclosed to view the dead body of an enormous pike lying half in and half out of the water.

"I thought you said there had been no pike in the lakes for twenty years, Lord Allingham?" he said.

"Nor have there," said his lordship, "to my knowledge."

"Well, here's one that has been here all that time, at least, and probably many years more. A monster! Must weigh thirty pounds. Died of old age, I should think, and the rats have been at him, too. That's what the terrier was barking at; he's driven them off."

The nobleman peered at the half-disclosed pike in silence.

"Get the boat-hook into his gills and we'll tow him across to the bank," he said.

The master skilfully turned the monster round and, settling the hook firmly in his gills, they sculled across to the low shore on the park side of the Long Water and hauled the carcase up on the smooth turf.

Keeping carefully to windward of him, they noted his magnificent proportions, his broad skull some fifteen inches in length, his body nearly four feet long.

The Honourable Charles went off to fetch a camera and summon a couple of gardeners with a pair of salmon balances to weigh the remains, which were found to turn the scale at twenty-eight pounds, although the rats had evidently been busy on them for several days.

"That will account for the missing fish," said the master; "and if he has any companions of a similar size—as is more than probable—you'll have to catch them if you ever want a useful head of trout in these lakes."

A systematic attempt at pike-fishing was subsequently made in the Allingham Court waters; with the result that two more big fish were landed, one of 19lb., the other of 21lb., by the Earl's brother; while his lordship captured half a dozen fish averaging twelve pounds a-piece.

He gave up lutracide after this, and the great trap lay rusting in an outhouse.

But during the following year a bitch otter did visit the lakes and lay down a litter of cubs in a rabbit-burrow on the Broad Water opposite the boat-house. By this time some thousands of yearling trout had been turned down, and the Earl wrote off to the master and asked him to bring hounds and hunt the otters, which had been seen playing on the banks by an under-keeper.

The master's reply that he never hunted a bitch with cubs incensed the noble proprietor, and he gave orders that the holt should be watched and the cubs captured alive. This it was not difficult to do, and a few mornings later two small brown balls of fur with bead-like eyes awaited his lordship's inspection in a basket in the gun-room.

They hissed and grizzled at him when he went near them, and he gave orders that they should—after dark that evening—be replaced on the bank, while he took up a position under the trees hard by armed with a 12-bore loaded with No. 2 shot, with the intention of shooting the bitch when she appeared in response to her cubs' cries.

Accordingly he occupied a strategical position near the boat-house, while the gardener brought the basket and turned out the young otters on the bank. Their feeble cries were answered from somewhere down the lake with a plaintive, flute-like whistle; but the Earl could see nothing at which to aim.

He waited for hours without anything happening, and then, chilled to the bone, went round to the rabbit-burrow to make sure at least of the cubs.

But he could not find them. Unseen and unheard by the noble lutracide, their mother had deftly and silently coaxed them away, and swimming with them down under the shore of the Broad Water, had removed them to a place of safety outside the pale of Allingham Park. But the Earl had contracted a serious chill and lay long a-bed—very nearly, indeed, permitting his brother to succeed to the title many years before he expected to do so.

* * * * * * *

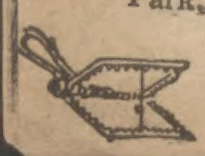
Lord Allingham has given up attempts at killing otters since then.

He has learnt that in reason their occasional visits to his waters do more good than harm to the fishing, since they destroy any weakly fish and prey on the enemies of fish-spawn and fish-food.

The Allingham Court angling is now considered the best in Southshire, and a permit to have a day on the Broad Water is much sought after.

The master brings the otter-hounds over twice a year for a show meet, but only once has he been able to show his followers any sport. Then they picked up a strong drag at the top of the Long Water, ran it for three miles overland through the deer park—where for a while his lordship feared they were on the trail of one of his fallow-bucks—and, taking the line across the road, followed a small burn down to the main river, where late in the afternoon they marked and put down a fine dog-otter that, after giving the pack a two-hours' swim in deep water, was rolled over in mid-stream and found to weigh twenty-seven pounds.

His mask hangs in the main hall of the Court, having been set up and presented to the Earl by the master, as a mark of gratitude for the sanctuary that he now affords to otters in the Long Water and the Broad Lake in Allingham Park.



GOOD CONDITION.

HOW SOME FAMOUS ATHLETES KEEP MUSCLE UP AND FAT DOWN.

It is safe to say that every sportsman is anxious about one of two questions—how to get off superfluous fat and how to put on good, hard muscle; so that an enquiry recently made by the writer into the methods adopted by several famous athletes and sportsmen for either or both of these purposes, should possess more than ordinary interest.

Bombardier Wells, as most of you will know, is not at present much concerned about keeping his fat down, because he is distinctly on the lean side. What he wants is stamina and muscle, and his way of getting these is as uncommon as it is successful.

UPSIDE DOWN.

The writer found the Bombardier at his training quarters the other day standing on his head with grace and enthusiasm. He had not been doing it long, and his breath came rather gaspingly, but he kept on walking on his hands until he almost had to drop.

"Feel that!" he said, meaning the triceps (the hitting muscle); and the writer felt it. That muscle was as hard as nails. "Not only that," said Wells, "but it does my wind such a lot of good. Try it for yourself."

I next tackled a steeplechase jockey—a very famous one, by the way, in the person of Bob Nightingall.

"How do you keep your weight down?" I inquired.

"Well," was the reply, "weight doesn't trouble me very much, for I ride, as you know, under N.H. rules, so as long as I keep under 11st I am well on the safe side. But you may be interested to hear that I believe implicitly in long, striding walks, well wrapped up, and not too much meat. I am not like most men, for I find that bread and cheese keeps me as fit as anything else, and I am not one of those rigid dietarians who object to beer or spirits. In fact, I find that in moderation they are beneficial."

ON THE TOES.

Mr. Archie Hughes, the old Welsh International Rugby footballer and a very clever amateur boxer, was my next victim.

"A hint that is not very well known," said he, "and one that both keeps down fat and puts on muscle, is this. Simply walk on your toes for a short while every day. But do it in private—along a secluded country lane or a dark London enclosed square at night; otherwise you may have suggestions made to you by rude youngsters to the effect that you are 'balmy,' or something equally unkind."

Mr. J. St. C. Jolly, well known to the Queen's Park (Glasgow) football crowd as a hefty, though shortish, amateur forward or half, told me that he was often rather worried about a tendency to put on flesh.

MASSAGE.

"What I do," he said, "apart from actual outdoor walking, boxing, &c., is to walk about my room for about a quarter of an hour night and morning, patting myself more or less hard with each hand in turn on either side of the stomach, just by the ribs and above the belt. This is excellent for keeping down Little Mary."

Finally, the views of Mr. Eustace Miles, who last year was second in the Amateur Tennis Championship after having won it nine times, are illuminating.

He does not believe in bulging muscle or in undue leanness. A man is all right, says he, if he keeps his internal functions in order by diet and his "wind" fit by proper breathing.

F. M. Wilkins.

9th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION RESULT.

The phrase set in our ninth "Centres" Competition was "Milliners' Bills." For his "Centre", "Language Indigo" the bicycle is awarded to Mr. M. J. Frayne, 9, Grosvenor Street, Barnstaple, Devon.

Consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. each go to Messrs. W. Swan, Straid Cottage, By New Cumnock, Ayrshire; J. A. Thompson, 11, Western Street, Barnsley; A. G. Piller, 4, Lansdowne Terrace, St. Thomas, Exeter; G. Birkett, 9, Miller Street, off Henrietta Street, Ashton-under-Lyne; N. B. Watt, 135, Kirkgate, Leith; R. Willis, 16, Claremont Range, Gorton, Manchester; J. Nunn, 397, Chingford Road, Walthamstow, N.E.; W. Fletcher, 3, New Street, Glyn Neath, Glam.; R. Bacon, 180, Harrington Road, Workington, Cumb.; E. H. Carlyon, 7, Albany Road, Harborne, Birmingham.

Swindles

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND

14.—Mrs. Cromleigh-Field's Indian Bracelets.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

Except on one or two occasions, and in special circumstances, I never went in for robbery from the person. That form of crime calls for the exercise of a digital dexterity that I never acquired or tried to acquire, mine being essentially brain work, not manual.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but in my opinion the criminal aristocracy is composed of those with clever heads, not clever hands—of "swindlers" in the best and highest and most correct sense of the term; thieves, burglars, housebreakers, and all such-like practitioners, belong to the lower orders. I don't include forgers among my class of these lower orders, for forgers stand apart by themselves, and are entitled to the respect which is paid in all professions to specialists pure and simple.

CRIME AND CONCEIT.

These being my views, I am consistent in feeling much greater gratification at the recollection of how I tricked Mrs. Cromleigh-Field out of one bracelet than I can feel at the recollection of how I possessed myself of the other. In the latter case—which was the first in order of occurrence—I seized and turned to my own advantage an opportunity I did not create. I was alert, bold, and adroit, but cannot claim to have been anything more; whereas in the former case the opportunity was not made for me, but by me. It was born not of accident but design—my own cunning plotted, schemed, contrived it all, unaided by chance or coincidence.

Perhaps, though, taking everything into consideration, I am scarcely fair to myself in depreciating the easier performance. It certainly required a lot of "nerve" and cool assurance to pinch that beautiful bracelet from the left wrist of the lady in the circumstances in which I tackled the job. But judge for yourselves—I'm quite content to leave it at that.

THE POM. AND THE LADY.

The anecdote begins with a dog-fight in Church Street, Kensington; or, rather, with an attack on a little dog by a bigger one—the former a choice chocolate Pomeranian, the aggressor a bob-tailed mongrel. The Pom. was trotting along by the side of a richly-dressed lady, evidently its owner; the bob-tailed mongrel went for it at sight.

The squeals of one, the growls of the other, and the cries of the richly-dressed lady, almost instantly brought the usual crowd together. I stood just outside the fringe of it. It was all over in a minute or two. Somebody pulled off the mongrel, and the lady stooped to pick up her mauled and yowling pet. As she did so, I noticed two things. The hub-bub had frightened and seriously upset her, for there was a nasty grey look about her lips, and her face had gone almost deathly pale. In the second place, as the folds of her cloak fell away from her hands I saw that around each wrist she was wearing a bracelet of gold.

A LONDON CROWD.

With her dog in her arms she made a brave attempt to walk on, but after a few blind steps towards High Street it was obvious that she was on the point of fainting. A man caught her as she reeled; but, finding himself unable to support her, he lowered her to the pavement and laid her on her back there, quite unconscious. Of course, the dispersing crowd re-collected, and, after the manner of such crowds, closed in round the sufferer to block her off from the air.

"Stand aside, here," I ordered. "Make way, please. I'm a doctor."

That one word "doctor" acted like magic. Everybody gave place to me. Admiring and differential eyes watched me as I knelt by the lady's side, and proceeded in a business-like, strictly professional manner to raise her head, loosen her neck-wear, put my hand over her heart, feel her pulse, and—unclasp and slip up my wrist-band one of her pair of heavy and costly bracelets, of Indian gold and Indian workmanship.

So wholly unsuspicious was that silly, credulous, typical crowd of Londoners, that I'd have had the other one as easily as the first, and with as little risk or fear of detection, if a policeman hadn't leisurely approached the spot, reaching it in time to make the contemplated second theft too dangerous. But I waited for him, and even lent him a hand in carrying my patient into the nearest chemist's shop, where I gave a few simple directions for her treatment, and hurried away just as she was coming to. I kept up the medical-man pretence to the last, giving the constable the first false name and address that occurred to me, for I had heard a woman tell him "'E's a doctor, sir."

ONE OF A PAIR.

On examining my spoil, I saw it to be even more beautiful, and judged it to be more valuable, than I had thought. The links were irregular in size and peculiar in shape, and on each was traced some part of what appeared to be an elaborate allegorical design, filligreed with the exquisite delicacy and extreme minuteness of detail that distinguished Oriental craftsmanship. I had seen enough of the other bracelet to know that the two formed a matched pair.

How was I to dispose of the one in my possession? If melted down, much of its value would dissolve in the pot; the ease and certainty with which it could be identified would be a peril, and very likely a bar, in the way of selling or pledging it, unless it were sold or pawned before a description of it could be circulated.

I decided to take it into Spink's at once, and ask them to value it for me. Without saying anything at first about wanting to sell it, I would feel my way towards doing so, and be guided by their demeanour.

WEIGHT AND WORTH.

They didn't hesitate in their appraisement for a moment. The metal was the purest Indian gold, and worth by weight as much as £10. What the thing was worth as a manufactured article it was more difficult to say. The workmanship was perfect, but the allegorical device on the links was only half completed. The other half was on the other bracelet. Together the pair would be worth £50, being probably unique. At different times they had had both in their hands for the execution of trifling repairs.

Rightly or wrongly, I fancied they were eyeing me rather suspiciously, and felt relieved when I found myself outside the shop again.

I wasn't particularly hard up at the time, and could afford to wait for a bit, if need were. The value of the two bracelets together, as a matched pair, being greater than their united value as separate articles, the owner would probably offer a proportionately large reward for the "lost" one, and I came to the conclusion that I had better lie low till she advertised what she was prepared to give for it.

£15 OFFERED.

I proved to be correct in my idea that she'd make a tempting bid, for out came bills and advertisements announcing that Mrs. Cromleigh-Field, of 48, West Cromwell Road, would give £15 to the restorer of her missing treasure.

Good. She should have it. But before I took it to her I must concoct a plausible story about finding it somewhere.

As I was mentally rehearsing the spinning of this little yarn, I struck on a dazzling notion. Mrs. Cromleigh-Field being so ready to offer £15 for the recovery of one bracelet, what would she give to recover the two—the pair, the match—if she happened to lose the other?

She *must* lose it. By some means or other, however difficult, dangerous, desperate, the expedient, I resolved to get my hands on that second bracelet.

How was it to be done? How would *you* have done it? Down I sat, and deliberately thought it all out. I knew Cromwell Road well enough, from end to end—where was the nearest police station to 48, West? After a little thought I located it, within a few minutes' drive; but decided that it wouldn't do as well as one a bit further off, the latter being at a corner.

Having dressed myself becomingly for the part I was about to play—not for the first time in my life—I walked to a cab-rank, got into a four-wheeler, and gave the driver

full instructions. He was first to go to 48, West Cromwell Road, and wait while I went into the house and came out again with a lady. He was then to drive us both, without questioning me, to the police-station in —— Street. I should leave the lady in the cab outside for a minute or two and enter the building by myself. When I emerged from it I would tell him where to drive next.

Within a quarter of an hour I was knocking at the front door of the swell residence of Mrs. Cromleigh-Field. Was Madam in? I had called about the bracelet. Admittance was instant.

From the moment Mrs. Cromleigh-Field entered the room into which I was conducted, my object was to put her into a fluster, to bustle and hustle her, which was all easy enough, the lady being visibly in a suitably excited condition to begin with.

"Madam, I am a police officer."

This introduction of myself evidently didn't surprise her—so, as I expected, she had reported her loss in the proper quarter, besides advertising it to the public.

A COMPARISON.

"We believe we have recovered your stolen property. Is this it?"—and I showed her the massive adornment I had myself removed from her slender wrist. She gave a little scream of delighted recognition, and would have snatched the golden circlet from my fingers, in her eagerness. But: "May I compare it, if you please, with the other?"

Hurriedly she left the room, breathlessly she re-entered it, displaying the second bracelet in an open jewel-case, from which I took it for closer inspection. Calmly and coolly taking possession of the case as well, I placed both bracelets within it, and turned the key in the lock.

"Identification at the station will be only a matter of form," I said quietly but very quickly, "but, of course, a necessary one; and you must also charge the man we have detained there. I will tell you all about it on the way. I have a cab at the door. Will you please, madam, get ready to come with me at once?"

QUICKLY DRESSED FOR ONCE.

In an incredibly short time for a woman so fashionably dressed, she rejoined me, and off we started, I, of course, retaining my tight hold of the jewel-case. In the cab, I let her chatter to her hysterical heart's content. She asked me a lot of questions, but never stopped for the answers. The bracelets had been a present to her in Bengal from "the dear General," her late husband. She prized them above everything. Although she had been persuaded not to offer more than £15, she would have increased the reward to £100 if necessary, for only the one of them.

"Tell me about this horrid thief," she prattled and panted on. "What is he like? How clever it was of you to find him out. You think my bracelet really was stolen from me?"

"There's no possible doubt whatever about *that*," I assured her truthfully. "But here we are"—for the cab was pulling up in the dusk in front of a lighted blue lamp, on the glass of which the white lettering of the words "Police Station" showed in clear relief. I got out first, still clasping the jewel-case, and closed the door behind me.

IN AND OUT.

"Keep your seat, madam, for one minute, till I see whether we shall have to go on to the Court."

Walking to the horse's head, I pulled him up a yard or two, so that cabby's fair "fare" should not command a direct view of the porch; and then I walked briskly into the building—and out again. She may have caught sight of me as I went in—I meant her to—but not as I nipped round the corner and made off. I don't know how long a start I had, but it was long enough.

The rest was done by correspondence—in the Agony Column of an evening paper. Thieves and swindlers make regular use of the Agony and Personal spaces in the most respectable organs of public opinion for purposes of negotiation and appointment-making, and so on.

I posted to the other interested party the paper in which I made my first overture, and after that it took us about a week to come to terms. Of course, I was on the look-out for traps all the time, but I don't suppose Mrs. Cromleigh-Field ever thought of laying any. I let her off at the hundred pounds.

[*Another of these revelations will appear next week.*—Editor.]

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE VAN HORSE PARADE.

I should advise all my readers who a interested in horses, and who may not aware of the existence of the annual Va Horse Parade in London, to make a note that event for the Easter Monday of next year, for it is w worth seeing.

Last Monday, being Easter Monday, I betook me Regent's Park, to have a look at the horses there assembl in friendly rivalry. There were over seven hundred of the altogether, varying in type from ponies to dray horses.

Pickfords and Carter Patersons exhibited some fine spe mens of the latter class, while Gilbeys and Buchanans h some capital examples of the lighter and speedier type.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibit, however, was th of Messrs. Smith, the wholesale newsagents. Their war house is only a few doors from my office, and usually draw up at the pavement beside it there are half a dozen of the vans, loading or unloading. I often pass that way, but nev without an admiring glance at the horseflesh between th shafts.

Who their horse-buyer may be, or what price they ma pay, I do not know, but they secure an absolutely ideal typ of horse for light van purposes. Stout and cobby in build they have the strength necessary for drawing a fairly heav van, but they also have, as evidenced in their legs an shoulders, a turn of speed requisite in dealing with com modities of such transient interest as newspapers.

Although Smiths' horses were probably the best of the kind in Regent's Park on Monday, it must not be suppose that the awards depended upon the quality of the horseflesh for it is the object of this annual parade not to criticise th horse's quality, but his grooming and the care that ha been lavished upon him by his driver. It is one of the rule I understand, that a turn-out, complete with van, horse an harness, must have been in the charge of the competing drive for at least twelve months. Some of the horses were aged I noticed one labelled "Patsy, twenty-three years," an another, "Daisy, twenty years old." Both had secure prizes, and their grooming well entitled their drivers to th distinction received, although their horses had lost their goo looks so far as form went.

A SUGGESTION TO PROVINCIAL READERS.

I am dealing at some length with the Va Horse Parade because I know that many o my readers are interested in horses and als occupy positions of influence, and I shoul like to suggest to such readers that it might be possible to ge up similar parades in their own towns, not necessarily so fa away as next Easter Monday, but on some other convenien holiday.

These parades encourage the drivers to take a kee interest in the well-being of their horses, and thereby foste kindness to animals in the truest sense of the term.

It is not the amount of the prize that stimulates them t look after their horses, but the fact that other drivers ar making their turn-outs look smart. Such rivalry benefit men and horses alike.

THE HUMAN ASPECT.

Apart from the glorification of the horse the London Van Parade, like all suc gatherings, has many points of interest an amusement. The heavier and more commodious vehicle were ocupied not only by the driver, but by his sweetheart and by other young men's sweethearts—accompanied, o course, by the other young men; and there was much merri ment and chaff as the various entries waited to be judged and waited again for the final march-past.

In the midst of most merry-making you can usually fin a little bit of pathos, and I observed it in this case in a bi four-wheeled van. The driver's companion in this instanc was not a youthful maiden, but a matron in widow's weeds who had come to congratulate or to sympathise with her so and bread-winner, according to his successs or failure. A he sported the prize-indicating rosette upon his whip, sh had every reason to be satisfied.

The horses to be seen in Regent's Park that day wer in the pink of equine perfection, and the human beings wer allowing themselves to be as human as our characteristi reserve will ever permit.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

ADVENTURE of a POLICE PATROL.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. B. Coleman.

"Sensations" overtake themselves so quickly nowadays, one after another, that the memory cannot keep pace with them. Take the case of sensational crimes, for instance—for days and weeks the name of the criminal is notorious, that of his victim is heard on every lip, the circumstances are in general discussion; but, as a rule, with very few exceptions, all particulars, and frequently the affair itself, very soon fade away from public recollection.

In the light of this fact, it is not in the least to be wondered at that the one murder case with which I had any intimate connection during my long service in the police force should now be remembered by very few people, although, at the time, it was a nine days' wonder.

Before [illegible] the blue, I had worn a uniform neither [illegible] or less honourable [illegible] it was showier, having [illegible] bit, at home and abroad, with the 11th Hussars, [illegible] as a mounted police patrol [illegible] Epping Forest, my duties reviving me a little of old times in foreign parts, with the difference that I was not now on outpost in an enemy's country.

I often used to think of those old times as I patrolled my bit of the Forest, and especially of the old comrades of those days—most of all my chum Jimmie Watts. Troopers [illegible] down, and that's the sort of thing that makes you remember a man, when you've known him as I knew Jimmie.

Without Jimmie and his [illegible]ing songs we should have been a duller lot in ours than ever we were, by which I mean we never were dull. The first song I heard him sing was the same as the last. It was his favourite—the old words to the old air of "There's a right little, tight little island." That swinging old tune, just as Jimmie threw it off his forty-eight inch chest, hit me so hard at first hearing that I could never shake is off afterwards. It has followed me up all over the world, often shoving itself into my ears and making itself heard when something quite different would have been much more suitable. It's a funny thing, but it is that way with some tunes you pick up.

Jimmie Watts sang it the night before he lost the number of his mess to a lot of fellows who lost theirs also in the same scrap. He and they couldn't do more for a certain "Right little, tight little island" than die for it the day after singing about it, could they?

Right away up and across from the railway station nearest to London, in the thick of the Forest, is an Owl that has nothing to do with ornithology except for its name. Dating back about six hundred years, it's the oldest inn or hotel for many miles. In my time it was—and it may be now—a favourite house for the holding of smoking concerts and other meetings in connection with local athletic clubs and similar societies. It came within the ground I covered every Saturday night, and it was on a Saturday night that the murder I am recalling was committed.

On that night I approached the house at a walk about half-an-hour before closing time. I should have known by the lights in the "long room" upstairs that a smoker was on, even if I had not heard the piano and the singing. It was only because of the singing that I halted—or rather because of the song that was being sung. I hadn't heard "There's a right little, tight little island" since the last time Jimmie sung it. How every word brought him back to me! I waited for the chorus, and that made me think of the other fellows—who sang and died with Jim, all within a few hours. Then I rode on.

Several cases of poaching, and one of deer-killing had been reported lately, and I had had orders to keep my eye on two or three secluded spots. Returning from these on to the main road through the Forest, about a mile from the Owl, towards which I had to head again for a short distance, I came first within hearing and then within sight of three young residents of Loughton, going home from the concert, lustily singing "Right little, tight little island"—to their own appreciation and nobody's disturbance. I knew something of them all, and they broke off their singing to pass a few friendly words with me, resuming it as they moved on again into the shadows in front of them.

A few hundred yards nearer the Owl I overtook a man of a very different stamp, as I perceived the moment I turned my bull's-eye on him. He was a sort of nondescript as regards his clothes—might have been almost anything; but, whatever he was, he wasn't "class" enough to have been at the smoking concert. I looked at him suspiciously, and should have felt less suspicious if he had looked at me. But he didn't, though he bade me a gruff "Good-night, guv'ner," as I passed.

He [illegible] me Good night, guv'nor," as I passed.

Had he been in the wake of one man instead of three, I might possibly have suspected that he was following "with intent," and have acted accordingly; but as things were I had no cause to detain or reason to question him.

Above the heavy fall of his feet in the near distance as I turned off the road to make for Chingford by a bridle path, I caught the top notes of "Right little, tight little island"; but I was far away when the shot was fired that stretched one of the singers lifeless to the ground. According to the medical evidence, death must have been instantaneous. His two companions, living on the outskirts of Loughton, had taken a short-cut through the trees, and he had held on his own way alone. When the body was discovered, it was found to have been rifled of watch, chain, ring, scarf-pin, and money.

So much for the murder. What of the murderer?

Our theory was—and there was a good deal to support it—that he was still lurking within the Forest, which swarmed with police and amateurs, equally eager to run him to earth. Even women joined in the hunt. Singly, in couples, in companies, for the greater part of a week the searchers beat an area covering nearly nine square miles of woodland; but they put nothing up. All day long, with false alarms here and false alarms there, the quarry was sought for, and at night the lanterns in dells and glades, seen from High Beech, looked like gigantic glow-worms on the move, or wandering will-o'-the-wisps. Every road, every tract of open, into which a fugitive could bolt after breaking cover was under watch.

Naturally, the zeal of our amateur helpers led to the arrest of several innocent men—in two cases amateur helpers themselves. Not one was released until after I had seen him, unless he was altogether unlike the wayfarer I had described—the man who had bidden me that gruff "good-night." *He* was the man *I* was looking for.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the Thursday following the night of the crime, I turned into the Owl dead beat. I hadn't slept for more than a couple of hours at a

stretch since the Sunday. I had had long spells of extra duty, and when officially released from them, I had voluntarily gone on special duty again on my own account—the special duty being, of course, the discovery and capture of the man wanted for wilful murder on the high road within my own patrol.

"You're done up," said the kindly-hearted landlord, observing sympathetically the signs of my fatigue. "You look as though you'd been hunted for days and nights yourself. And it's all going to be no good, I'm afraid. The man isn't hiding in the Forest, that's certain, or he'd have been found before now."

"We haven't limited the search," I reminded him without adding that I knew better than he the nature of the information on which we had acted in the first instance. But to myself I admitted that he was probably right. I was losing hope.

Remounting as the sun was beginning to set, I rode at a trot towards the Valley of the Lea, slowing down on reaching a ridgeway commanding a view of the winding stream, dwarfed into insignificance by one of the vast reservoirs of the East London Waterworks Company.

This great artificial lake lay directly in front of me, at a distance of about a mile, its farther side appearing to be closer to the river than I knew it to be in fact. The brightness of the yellow sunset was flooding the whole scene, and turning the face of the lake into a liquid sheet of colour, broken only in the centre, where green rose many feet above the gold. The green was the green of trees and shrubs, growing on a "right little, tight little island."

The very words were setting themselves to the music of the old tune inside my head, full as it was with the big thought that had forced its way through my helmet all the way from the "right little, tight little island" in the middle of the lake—for that certainly seemed to be where it had come from.

"There's your man," the thought told me. "How could your runaway do better? A trackless flight through the woods in the dark, a swim from the edge of the reservoir, a refuge easy to reach, and easy to leave after a time allowance from the hue and cry to die down."

From the head the thought got into my spurs. In the failing light I reconnoitered the lake on all sides at close quarters. There was no boat on it. How could I swim back with a handcuffed man?

It was in the dark that we rowed to the island, in a boat carried from the river. My thought justified itself before the boat reached the middle, because we were fired at at a range of some yards. Nobody else was hit, and I didn't mind it so much, having been hit by bullets before, and we proved to be correct in concluding that he had no reserve of ammunition. Had we been incorrect, it is improbable that I should have retired from the force, as I did do, with the rank of inspector.

He'd made himself really a little open-air snuggery, secure from observation from any point, and stocked with provisions that would have lasted another week. There were signs that at first he'd even had the luxury of a drop or two of whisky to mix with his million-gallon water-supply. It has always been our opinion that his hiding-place had been determined on beforehand.

I can hear it distinctly as I finish writing—memory's musical-box, with the one tune, "There's a right little, tight little island." But with the rollicking air came the thoughts that in my case must always be associated with it—thoughts of poor Jimmie Watts and those others of ours, and far sadder thoughts of a far crueller death years ago, but not so many years ago as theirs. However, I brighten up at the remembrance of the hanging.

A BIT OF BOTH.

Mr. "Sammy" Woods was once playing in a country match over which feeling, and possibly something more concrete, ran high.

"Sammy" was batting and was beginning to knock 'em about, when a bouncing ball touched his sleeve and went into the wicket-keeper's hands.

"How's that?" yelled the stumper.

"Hout," answered the umpire.

Mr. Woods is far too good a sportsman to cavil at a genuine mistake, but this was a bit too palpable, so he went up to the umpire and said: "This is either ignorance or a swindle."

The umpire winked and retorted, "A bit of both."

BOXING NOTES.

CURRENT GOSSIP ABOUT BOXERS WHO MATTER.

Jim Driscoll, the English feather-weight champion, [illegible] like having a very busy time in the near future. Not [illegible] he to meet Poesy, the hard-hitting and clever French fea[illegible] weight, but two home products, on their return from high[illegible] successful visits to America, are determined to try conclusions with Jim. These are Billy Marchant and Young Cohen. Good as these two are, however, I still think the old 'un—if James does not mind my calling him that—will be a little too hot for either of them.

I hear from a good source that Jack Johnson is in rather low water just now, and he is doubtless wishing fervently that he had held to certain big contracts, which, however, he saw fit to break. Putting aside music-hall engagements in England, he was offered £6,000 (out of which he actually got £3,000 for nothing, by the way) for a match in Paris with Bombardier Wells, and he also agreed to go to Australia and fight Langford, McVea, and possibly some others for the exclusive sum of £18,000. Li'l Artha fulfilled none of these engagements; but perhaps the day is not far off when he will wish he had.

Sam Langford and Sam McVea, the two big black heavyweights, have now fought three battles. The first was a draw, and the second, on last Boxing Day appropriately enough, ended in a win for McVea. Langford raised a loud wail in dissatisfaction with the latter verdict, and this action on his part resulted in the match which took place at the Sydney Stadium a few days ago. After the second round, by the way, the police intervened to warn the men that they would not allow any kidney-punching. It was such a close contest that the referee must have been more than a little puzzled; but in giving his verdict for Langford he obviously pleased the majority of the spectators.

Thus the two Sams are on even terms again, each having scored a win; whereat, I doubt not, their astute managers chuckle gleefully, as astute managers will when so lucrative and clever a coup is successfully engineered.

"Straight-Left."

FURNISHED OFFICES.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE SPURIOUS BUSINESS MAN.

The rapid demolition of ancient buildings in various parts of the metropolis and the erection, on the respective sites, of imposing blocks of buildings to be let out in suites or single rooms as business offices is a system which has drawbacks no less than advantages.

They offer facilities to the business adventurer which have only been possible to him of comparatively late years.

The reason is that suites of rooms are engaged in these buildings by astute people—a great many of whom are connected with furnishing firms—and these people furnish the suites more or less luxuriously and let them at a proportionately increased rent as furnished offices.

For example, advertisements are being inserted at the present time in several big London papers offering furnished rooms, for office purposes, with use of telephone, &c., only a very short distance from the fashionable neighbourhood of Pall Mall, for the almost insignificant weekly rent of twelve shillings and sixpence.

Places such as these are eagerly snapped up by the type of man who wants to sell nothing for as much as he can get. He is generally a needy person who could not possibly afford to take an unfurnished suite for any lengthy period—which almost every sound business firm does—nor can he pay a ten per cent. deposit on "hire-purchase" furniture.

But he can afford to pay one week's rent, at the rate of twelve and six or so, in advance, the only formality which is usually necessary, and can thus enter into possession of a furnished office. He then inserts advertisements offering great bargains in such things as roller-skates, air-guns, or any favourite instrument of sport or pleasure, decamps happily at the end of a week or a fortnight with all the postal orders that have accumulated.

Another favourite sphere of fraudulent activity is the exploitation of the stage-struck. The shark takes a furnished office, inserts sixpenny or shilling advertisements for "Theatrical and variety beginners; no experience necessary," and fattens on the "tuition fees" of the stage-struck servant-girls, typists, and others, who flock into his net.

Can you answer these questions?

Every man engaged in business ought to know the answers to these questions. DO YOU know them all?

YOU will probably find it quite easy to answer most of these questions, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will find several others a good deal more difficult. Some of them, indeed, may be altogether beyond you.

And yet, you will agree, they are all questions that you might have to answer any day in your own business. So—if only out of curiosity—run through the list and see how many you can answer correctly.

20 Specimen Questions.

1. What is the exact purpose of a ledger?
2. What do these signs mean: "E. & O. E.," "F.A.S.," and "G.A."?
3. How do you open a branch?
4. What is a consignment note?
5. Do you know how to organise a sale?
6. Do you understand office organisation?
7. What is the difference between sending goods on "consignment" and "on sale or return"?
8. How often by law must a factory be "limewashed"?
9. How and when is a judgment summons issued?
10. What is the cost of registering a limited company?
11. What is the rule about doubtful debts in assessing income tax?
12. Do you know how to take out a patent?
13. Must a receipt be in writing to be valid?
14. What exactly is a "special settlement"?
15. How and when can you claim for loss of an article sent by registered post?
16. What is the difference between a factor and a broker?
17. How would you draw up a selling scheme?
18. How does a secured creditor in bankruptcy abandon his security?
19. Is a seaside shopkeeper liable for rates in the winter when his shop is shut up?
20. How can you recover debts at court without the expense of a solicitor or collecting agency?

How Many Did You Answer?

Well, how have you come through this examination in business knowledge? You must not forget that the knowledge of these facts and of many other facts like them is absolutely necessary to you if you mean to succeed. If you are in business for yourself you know how useful you would find it to be able to answer any business problem that arose; if you are working for others you must realise that your employer will value you more highly if he knows he can go to you for information when he needs it.

How You Can Answer All.

And that is why the "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser" is so valuable a work—because it contains information about every point in business life. With it by your side you can answer any question about business that is put to you. For instance, you can answer all the questions that you have just asked yourself. You will find the full purpose of a ledger in the article on Ledgers, Vol. III., page 294. In the "Abbreviations" you will find the meaning of every symbol and sign that is used in business to-day. The third question you will solve by looking up the fine article on the Basic Idea in Business, and so on with all the other questions; and, in fact, with any question about anything relating to business. Thus, in question 19, you will find in a moment that the shopkeeper is liable for rates for the whole time (see Vol. III., page 26).

How This Concerns You.

These questions may not arise in your business, but others do, and if you think it would mean anything to you to know at once what to say or do in every emergency, you should send the coupon below for a handsome illustrated book on Business, telling all about the "Business Encyclopædia" and giving the names of the successful business men who have written it. It also tells how any reader of Modern Man may obtain the complete work in seven volumes for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, and pay the balance in small monthly payments. Sending the coupon commits you to nothing. Is such an opportunity one you should miss?

All the information you get from the "Business Encyclopædia" is up-to-date and reliable, for its contributors include many of the most successful business men of the day, among them being such famous men as Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director Harrod's Stores), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley, Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director J. Lyons and Co. Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the "Daily Mail"), &c., &c.

Two Opinions.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:

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A CASHIER'S OPINION.

Mr. L. C. Horsley, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich: "I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

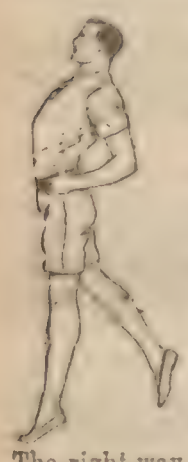
HOPPING.

A SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE EXERCISE.

Hopping may seem a very simple exercise, but, as with everything else, there is a right and a wrong way of doing it; and, simple as it is, hopping has many good points to recommend it.

It develops the leg muscles, improves the balance, and is, therefore, excellent for men fond of games in which quick, sure leaping movements are important for success. Cricketers and lawn-tennis players will derive great benefit from regular hopping, and while it is, perhaps, a trifle late in the day to talk of dancing, I know of nothing better than hopping for making a man easy, firm, and graceful in the ball-room.

Further, it tones up the stomach muscles—if you have a paunch on you, hopping will quickly reduce it—expands the chest, and, as the head must be erect and steady, it improves the carriage of the head and strengthens the neck muscles.



The right way to hop.

In fact, like many simple balance exercises, hopping has the advantage over more complicated ones of making for general development.

To derive the full benefit from hopping, it is essential that you should hop *high*, and unless you have somebody to watch and correct, you may get into a way of perfunctory low hopping.

To obviate this danger lay out an "obstacle race," either straight or circular, composed of footstools, empty boxes, walking-sticks, supported on books or other convenient objects and so on. As to the height of the hurdles, that depends on your powers, but it should not be less than one foot.

To hop, place the hands on the hips and hop forward on to the *toes* of the left foot, covering about eighteen inches of ground.

The head, as already mentioned, must be kept erect—there is no need to look down at the obstacles; you can sort of see them out of the corner of your eye. The chest should be thrown well forward; the shoulders and elbows pressed backwards and downwards.

The right leg must be kept perfectly straight, and well to the rear, with the toe pointing to the ground.

Six hops on one foot are enough, then change to the right foot, and finally hop with left and right foot alternately, changing feet each hop, and with an intermediate stride of at least thirty inches.

If you have never tried hopping before, you will find it a splendid exercise, and by no means so easy as it looks.

IN PRAISE OF TOMATOES.

THEIR VALUE AS BLOOD-PURIFIERS.

Tomatoes—English, I mean—will soon be in season, and there are few better vegetables—or is the tomato a fruit? I'm blessed if I know. Anyway, the tomato, whether vegetable or fruit, is an excellent adjunct to all meals, not excluding breakfast.

There was an idea at one time that tomatoes caused cancer. Well, nobody knows exactly what starts that dread disease, but it is at least certain that tomatoes have nothing to do with it, and rather, like most fruits and vegetables, help to prevent it.

I must admit, too, that everybody does not like tomatoes; like oysters, they are more or less an acquired taste. This is more especially the case when they are eaten raw, and one raw tomato, in its medicinal effects, is worth half a dozen cooked ones. If, after a fair trial you really do not like tomatoes, then drop them. Otherwise they are an excellent aid to health.

N.B.—It is better to eat them as a snack or appetiser by themselves than with a heavy meal.

INCREASE OF HEIGH

While many of those who take up *Phy* Culture do so merely for the purpose of be ing their health, others adopt a sys exercises with the object of remedying bodily defect.

Shortness of stature is now being tre very successfully by Mr. Arthur Girva means of special exercises.

He does not use in his system any applia Stretching apparatus of various kinds have employed in some systems of height but such appliances are always are necessarily expensive.

Mr. Girvan's exercises are based on sound phys principles and cannot possibly injure anyone, while the re he obtains are most satisfactory.

All readers who desire an increase of height will full particulars by writing to Mr. Girvan at 17, Stroud Road, London, N.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

R. W. (Southport).—Your chest measurem better. Indigestion usually arises from errors in that no exercise alone will cure it, but for generall up the system there is nothing like regular walking.

"Constant Reader" (Regent's Park).—Wants (a) whether cleaning teeth by paste or powder ruins (b) will they keep clean by keeping in good health? dentifrices are undoubtedly injurious to the teeth. safest, and cheapest tooth powder is common whiting, sold by chemists as prepared chalk. The be cleaned regularly. Even savages use brushes.

J. J. J. (East Ham) asks us to tell him among things "how to jump high at a moment's notice, sitting on an up-turned tin-tack. In reply to your questions, J. J. J., (1) consult a doctor; (2) box. development of chest and upper part of body ge

J. W. C. (Manchester).—Sorry you feel so ro don't know of any physical cure for kidney trouble. doubt carefully regulated outdoor exercise would be benefi but we earnestly advise you to consult a doctor without de

L. G. (Birkenhead) says he has seen advertisem about Mr. T. Inch, and wants to know whether the nam spelt Inch or Ince. Didn't the advertisements te enough that Mr. Inch spells his name Inch, and rather a funny chap if he spelt it any other way.

W. H. W. Y. (Manchester).—Advise you to see a doc The hollows of which you complain may be due to weakness.

T. M. B. (Wakefield).—Men who are inclined to from rheumatism should avoid wines and malt liquors. whisky is the safest drink for them.

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The Robinson system of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture individual attention to all pupils, so that Health and Physical Perf natural result obtained. No apparatus is used, making it possible to exercises anywhere at any time.

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J. JACKSON ROBINSON, PHYSICAL CULTURE SPECIALIST

(Dept. M7), 18, Cheltenham Avenue, Liverpool.

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THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), **PERTH, N.B.**

LUCK IN WAR.

SOME WEIRD TRUE STORIES.

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

It has always been borne in on me that the quality of luck in war is strangely distributed and assigned.

I do not mean, be it understood, the luck which aids generals or commanders to win their success, although without question there is a great element of luck involved in every victory achieved by a captain. This, however, is rather the favour of fortune earned by the victorious general's foresight, to which he rightly owes, and may almost count upon, his triumph, than any freak of chance.

The luck I have now in mind to deal with is of another kind, more simpler, though possibly more subtle, kind. It is that sudden, untoward development of events, either in the favour of or to the detriment of an individual, as to which among us probably possess any definitely established belief, and which comes rather under the head of what most of us are wont to name as predestination, fate, or kismet—being the mysterious and immutable action of some agency that guides our paths, guides our lives, whether for good or evil, and at a given moment turns us adrift remorselessly into the great beyond.

Let me try to instance in some way what I mean. The luck of some men—I use the word because it seems to serve best—appears to be always unconsciously hostile. Take, for instance, the case of General Wauchope, who was killed while commanding the Highland Brigade in South Africa. Throughout his whole military career as a soldier, Wauchope was considered unlucky—not, to be sure, as a commander and leader of men, but as regards his own person.

A soldier who had the opportunity to see much service, and was wounded in almost every action in which he took part. The present writer, indeed, saw him badly hit on two occasions; and, in the end, as we know, he died at the head of his men, satisfied with his last breath that it was not by his fault that he had been led into a trap.

Take, again, the case of a member of my own profession, who had certainly seen as much fighting as most men in uniform. I instance Cameron, a famous war correspondent of the "Standard" newspaper. For a good many years Mr. Cameron pursued his calling and achieved considerable successes quite satisfied as to his personal safety from disaster throughout the many perilous campaigns on which he engaged.

Then there came a time when he recognised—he felt it quite openly—that the luck had changed with him. He got badly hurt in that dreadful tempestuous business of Majuba Hill, which even now we do not care to think of. Almost immediately following upon that misadventure he was in the thick of the stampede of the French troops in their rout in Tonquin. Next he underwent a nerve-shaking experience in the action that preceded the moon-lit charge of the Cavalry Brigade at Kassassin, and though, no doubt, the success of Tel-el-Kebir and the triumphant ride with Sir Drury Lowe to Cairo may have operated as steady-ing influences, his sad experiences during the great cholera epidemic of the following year, and his narrow escape at the massacre of Baker's force at El Teb, served to confirm him in his belief as to his speedy death.

When he came up the Nile with the Gordon Relief Expedition in '84 he announced quite simply to those of us who met him on the bank at Dongola his premonition of his impending doom. I may say that Cameron made no mistake. He died, as he had expected to do, in the next action in which he took part; and the fact that the bullet which ended his career took him at a time when he was apparently well sheltered does not tend to strengthen my theory as to the inexorability of the fate which is the destiny of each of us.

One more instance, and then to my principal story.

When troops were leaving Cairo in the spring of 1898 for our campaign against the Khalifa, numbers of ladies, wives, sweethearts, friends of the officers and men under orders, gathered on the platform of the Mahatta-el-Kebir to bid them farewell. No need here to dwell on the temperamental atmosphere of the occasion.

Wild gaiety and a certain amount of elemental hysteria were predominant.

I recall one dramatic episode. There leaned from a window of our train a huge subaltern of the Cameron Highlanders. He was but three months married, and his young bride stood on the platform amid a bevy of friends. As the train moved slowly away—played out by the Citadel Band—this youthful lady lost something of the control she had exercised thus far.

"Look at him!" she cried. "Look at him. He must be hit. He's so big that they can't miss him!"

We all laughed. What, indeed, else was possible? But a while later the Cameron subaltern, turning to the present writer, said: "She's quite right. They won't miss me."

And when some two months later, we charged through Mahmoud's zareba on the Atbara Bank, Lieutenant —— was, I must believe, the first man killed.

He had never been in action before; but then that is the way of it in war. You find the hard-bitten old warriors who have passed unscathed through any number of danger-fraught situations, and who have never, to all intents and purposes, been in any peril at all, or, at any rate, in any peril which their own action could have averted; and, on the other hand, you find the splendid, stalwart noble men who know instinctively the first time they go into action that they will not come out of it.

"I must go," he reiterated. "I must go. I am impelled to it."

Now here is a case in point. I will tell the story of a young English gentleman, a man of wealth and position, who, for no other reason than that he felt himself impelled to do so by the irresistible impulsion of the impending fate that remorselessly awaited him, enrolled himself as a volunteer for the Greeks in the war against Turkey of 1897.

I will not give his name, because the revival of the story of his sad fate might give pain to many to whom he was dear.

Soldiering was not his profession, and, indeed, seeing that it was his remarkable brilliancy as a musician that had brought him into prominence and great favour in the highest quarters in England, one might have thought that such an aspiration as to share the hardships and the dangers of the Greek pallikars in the mountains of Albania would have been the last to fire him. But, impelled as one must suppose, by the destiny that drove him, he came out to Athens and took service as a volunteer.

At the moment our guns (the Greek artillery is a fine arm) had silenced the Turkish batteries, and in a wild, triumphant advance, we had crossed the river—which, by the way, was the frontier—had spread out over the plain

of the Arakthos, driving the enemy before us, and had arrived at the head of the Pass of the Five Wells—a narrow gorge among the mountains, through which lay the route to the Capital of Southern Albania, to add which to her territories was the chief object of Greece in her war.

The pass was some fifteen miles in length, and was defended by forts at various points throughout its course. A panic, however, had seized the Albanians at our crossing of the river, and each one of these forts had been abandoned by the wild, undisciplined Turkish troops—abandoned, it must be said, with an accompaniment of horrible acts of ruthless vengeance on the hapless, unarmed villagers of the hamlets that lay in their vicinity.

We at our end of the gorge heard throughout that first night of Albanian stampeding hideous outcries and despairing wailings that forewarned us of the scenes our morrow's marching must reveal to us, while those of us who scaled the slippery heights of the dew-soaked hills could see the glare of burning hamlets spreading skywards as each village was lit up torch-like in the wake of the flying army.

Towards midnight news came to us, brought by fugitive shepherds, that the panic had been stayed by the Turkish commanders at the far end of the pass, and that they had decided to hold the fortress that guarded the exit to the plain wherein lay Djannina, our coveted objective.

A Greek general, with a name—it is Botzaris—made famous in the war of independence in 1823, announced his Intention of pushing forward through the pass and seizing the fortress at the Djannina end. He called for volunteers having knowledge of the country—the hidden goat-paths, the stream beds running along the mountain sides, and the various points of vantage with which the hills were filled—to push forward and bring him word of the Turkish movements, and especially to discover whether and by what force the last fort which I have mentioned was occupied.

Some troops of Evzones and a company of Andartes (volunteers) offered at once for this service, and it was when these men, natives of the district, were about to set out on their mission, that Mr. —— came up to Mr. E. F. Knight and the present writer and light-heartedly declared his intention of accompanying the little expeditionary force.

Note here the subtle impulses that drive a man irresistibly upon his fate. Mr. —— did not belong to the company of Andartes that was to be employed; he had never been in Greece before, and could not speak the language; he had injured his foot on the previous day in the passage of the Arakthos and was very lame. Yet, will it be believed, no argument or urging by my companion and myself could prevail with him to desist from his purpose?

"I must go," he reiterated. "I must go. I am impelled to it."

We forced a revolver upon him, filled his haversack with such provisions as were available, equipped him with a capacious flask, and rode with him and his enthusiastic companions to the point, some distance up the pass, at which they were to break off into the devious secret ways known to most of them.

And from that moment nothing more has ever been heard of our adventurous friend.

That he reached the fort which was the objective of the party we had reason to believe, for a comrade, one of the survivors of the little company, related to me afterwards when by dint of meticulous inquiry, I had traced him to a hill-cottage where he lay desperately wounded, how at the moment of receiving the first of his many wounds he had seen, or thought he saw, Mr. —— reclining on the steep bank a few yards below him, and how he had called to him, or thought he had done so, that if they too would be saved they must no longer delay their escape into a cave of which he had knowledge. After this, however, his memory entirely failed him, nor did he know at all how he himself had been saved.

The present writer made urgent and extensive inquiries both during and after the cessation of hostilities, as to the fate that had overtaken Mr. ——, members of whose family came out from England and expended great sums of money in attempts to elucidate the mystery of his end, without obtaining any satisfaction whatsoever.

We have a man whose business is not war; who has never seen aught of war; or, indeed, of any of the grimmer phases of life, whose proper place was in concert-halls and in drawing-rooms peopled by brilliant artists, and who was, as I have been told, about to unite himself in marriage with a lady to whom he was devoted.

Yet this man was impelled by forces as to which he knew nothing to seek a nameless grave, if, indeed, he has ever yet found sepulture, in a wild mountain [illegible] Epirus.

Well, these matters are doubtless not understood; possibly a like irresistible call it was that had summoned the poet Byron to his death at Missolonghi, which is but a few leagues distant from my Pass of the Five Wells.

TACTICS ACROSS COUNTRY.

In a race across country, judgment of pace is of more tactical importance than is usually credited to it.

Roughly speaking, scratch and back-mark men will do well to start at a fairly hot pelt, because they will be likely to keep it going more or less evenly to the finish, provided, of course, that they are in good training.

There is an interesting maxim with regard to cross-country championships. This is that the first fifteen men at the finish will be among the first twenty at two miles.

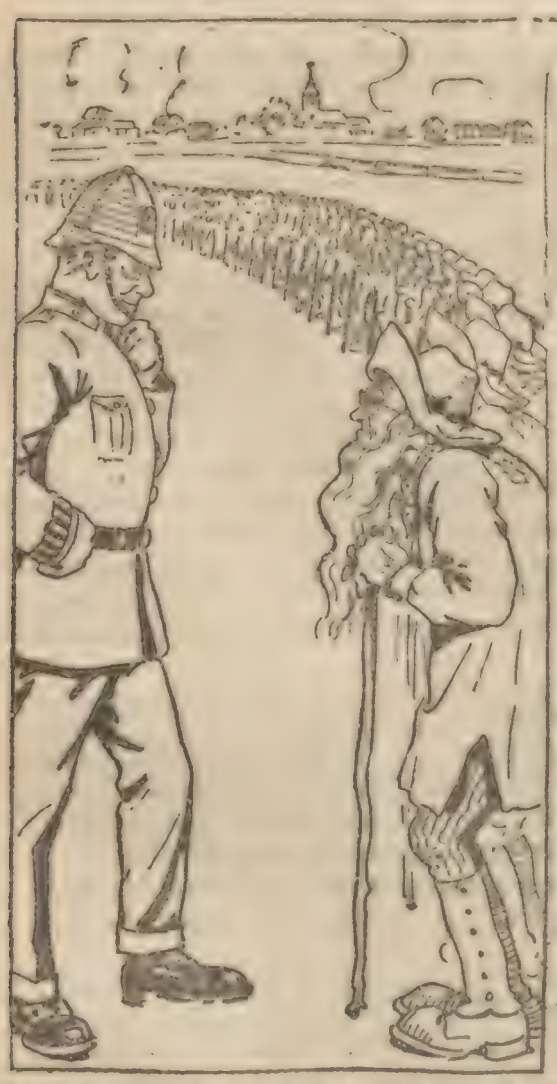
TO WATERPROOF SHOOTING BOOTS.

The cautious man who gets a new pair of shooting boots is always careful to waterproof them, even though the shopkeeper may assure him that this has been done. If, however, he uses an application which has beeswax in it, he will probably find the latter harden the leather and lessen the comfort of the boots.

Whatever you do, refrain from blacking new shooting boots, or you will have the greatest difficulty in waterproofing them afterwards. Take the laces out and brush a coat of dubbing all over the boots. Put them in a warm place to dry, and give them two or three more coats at intervals till the leather is properly saturated.

If you return after a day's sport with the boots thoroughly wet all over, and are at all fastidious as to appearance, you should get a bootmaker to give them an application of bootmaker's dye, or the wetting may spoil them.

At a pinch you can do it yourself.



"Eh, lad, but thou be wonderful proud since Arthur Girvan made yo tall enough to join the force. We'd get him to do the same for us, but we be sorry we're none of us under forty!"

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches by perfectly natural and scientific means; no appliances required. Write for particulars.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the . .
Increase of Height

(Dept. MM.), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

FINISHING IN RACES

HOW TO "CUT DOWN YOUR MAN" IF NECESSARY.

One of the most exciting finishes ever seen in a foot-race was witnessed in a road-race quite recently between two very famous teams of harriers. The first and second men in were both old University Blues, and the finish was a triumph of cleverness. But for the winner's superior "finishing tactics" the second man would have won easily. As it was, he was leading until within hailing distance of home, when his con- led him to slacken, thus allowing the other man to and win by about six seconds—not a very large for a long-distance race.

admitted that the winner "cut his man down" erly.

HESITATION.

ishing" is fully as important in winning races starting—in fact, in long-distance events it is often so. Whereas a mistake at the start can be made up ter in the race, even hesitation at the finish is often

a sprint race a man may be said to finish immediately crack of the pistol—for he is going at full speed all ay. However, he is—or ought to be—going quicker the finish than at the start; and herein is a piece of wisdom that should govern every kind of race. Go all out at the finish, if there is an adversary anywhere near you. But previous to that period of a long-distance race, it is a good plan, if possible, to pump your adversary as much as possible. Shrubb, the crack little distance-runner, did this very cleverly in a four-mile race on one

STRATEGY.

opposed by a speedy man who, however, did , stay as well as Shrubb; but somehow, this emed to be lasting out quite well. When they e last three-quarters of a mile the two men were ay almost side by side. Shrubb could see the 's tactics. Knowing Shrubb's superior staying other was husbanding his strength for a sprint quarter of a mile or so.

Shrubb felt he must make that man sprint at he forged ahead a bit; but, no, the other didn't notice, apparently confident of catching up with or speed. So the little runner feigned a sudden leg. He stopped to rub his calf; and limped when he started again. The other saw his or thought he did—and at once dashed in pursuit; this was just what Shrubb wanted, for the effort was to pump him out. He cracked up almost as soon alongside, and Shrubb "picked himself up" and trotted home.

C. B. FRY ADVISES.

Fry's advice to runners on the subject of finishing ass unnoticed. However "done" you may be, don't make the fatal mistake of caving in. Go last ounce, for your adversary, or adversaries, more done than you are.

other words, many a race has been won simply by bluffing at the finish.

difficult to give a rule of thumb for the various ances at which to start finishing in different events, for much depends on the other man; but in the ordinary way in a half-mile the "finish" should start about a hundred yards from the tape, and in the mile about two hundred. A quarter is run at finishing pace practically and in races over a mile it is very frequently a man leading at the finish by the length of a

a finish don't talk for a while. Let yourself get ly of the additional blood that has been pumped to the exertion of the race.

F. BRIDGE.

SENTRIES.

Sentries on duty in barracks are relieved every two hours, but at night when the weather is bad they may be relieved every hour.

They are provided with hot coffee free of charge during the night.

Even in peace-time sentries are armed with ball-cartridge.

Oatine

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ACCEPT ONE FREE.

In order to thoroughly introduce this, the latest toilet delicacy, the Proprietors will send a full-size 2d. Shampoo Powder absolutely free to all sending 1d. stamp for postage or for 3d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred) they will send the Free Shampoo Powder, together with a handsome Toilet Outfit, as illustrated, containing a trial size of each of the following preparations: **Oatine Cream**, a toilet necessity for every gentleman for use after shaving; **Shaving Powder; Talcum Powder, Balm, Face Powder, Soap, and Tooth Powder.**

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If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

Business is Business

REVOLUTION IN BUSINESS CLOTHES.

WHERE IS THE OLD "OFFICE COAT"?

In no department of business has there been, of late years, so radical a change as in the matter of business clothes.

These changes have undoubtedly "cut both ways," for the employee. (The employer may be left out of this matter, for he is a law unto himself.)

In the matter of smartness there has been a great change. It is not so much a change of degree as a change of character.

Formerly the tall hat and frock coat, or at least the morning-coat, was absolutely insisted upon by employers for all their employees who worked at desks and counters.

This meant that a man often had to provide himself with clothes of a style he really could not afford, did not want, and out of which he did not get full value.

This was pre-eminently the day of the "office coat." Every man who went to an office had a coat, or the ragged remains of one hanging in a cupboard. Into this he would slip as soon as he arrived at the office.

Nowadays, under the changed circumstances, the "office coat" is an absolute rarity.

The cause of its disappearance is rather curious. By that subtle process of gradual change, the rigid rule about business clothes was relaxed, and men began to wear lounge suits, bowlers, and soft hats, and even caps.

Employers winked at this, until each man now is his own authority in the matter of office dress. But the old office coat has disappeared. Why?

The reason is that men, finding themselves able to wear clothes of their own choice and style, and of a more comfortable character, were in no hurry to return to the ragged old jacket which was the alternative of the frock-coat period. They have come round to a different way of regarding the matter, and modern employers have no longer any objection to modern employees dressing as they like—with the one stipulation that they shall be smart.

And so business clothes are the ordinary clothes one wears on any average occasion. It is probable that they are a more expensive item in the year's balance-sheet, but they can be worn in and out of office, being appropriate to both occasions.

MATTHEW CARR.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

Prices in the American market keep booming along, making new high records in most stocks for the year, and it looks to me as if the boom will continue—with periodical reactions, of course—until the autumn, when trade in the United States will begin to show considerable improvement, and this will be the time not only to take profits on the "bull" side, but to sell short and thereby obtain the beneficial results of the inevitable swing of the pendulum the other way.

Canadian Pacifics are moving faster even than Americans, and the pool operators on the "other side" who specialise in this stock say nothing can prevent the price touching 300 during the year.

Very likely these astute gentlemen are right, as the immigration to Canada this year promises to be far greater than during any previous year.

Moreover, the majority of those seeking a new home in Canada have sufficient money to start farming, if only in a small way to begin with, and, as the land will produce a splendid crop of wheat in the first season, the farmer has not long to wait for a substantial return on his outlay.

Trunks ought to be bought and locked up for big capital profits in the future.

Home Railway prices are generally higher, especially my favourites, the Underground stocks.

Margett's Tyre shares have not moved, as the jobbers who have the making of the market are really too busy entering bargains in Marconi shares—when the boom subsides, look out for the Margett boom.

Mines have shown a fairly firm front during [illegible] and may improve generally—excepting, of course, [illegible]

The Oil boom is not far off.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

E. C. (Bradford).—Way-Halims will turn out [illegible] I am informed that the coffee from the estate is still [illegible] top prices, and the rubber crop has exceeded expec[illegible] addition, the directors have, I hear, succeeded in [illegible] arrangements with interested parties which will pro[illegible] great advantage to the shareholders.

A. J. A. (Cambridge).—Yes, if you are prep[illegible] little time for a return on the investment.

S. J. (Douglas).—Very speculative, and [illegible] miss the opportunity of securing a profit.

"Jacques" (Jersey).—There is a fairly activ[illegible] the shares, but the quotation is rather wide.

"Nemo" (Southsea).—No hurry to sell.

G. B. (Glasgow).—A sound investment. [illegible] chance of increased dividend.

"Pat" (Dublin).—No real market. [illegible] being boomed by interested parties.

THE FINANCIAL [illegible]

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Every Colonial reader should avail himself of the [illegible] Colonial Universal Supply Department.

We are prepared to buy and dispatch to any Colonial [illegible] whatsoever that can be obtained in London, provided he sends [illegible] sufficient sum to cover the cost.

Persons who are likely to have a number of small orders [illegible] year, if they will deposit some £5 and upwards with us, [illegible] the balance of their deposits will be sent to them as the [illegible]

All goods are carefully packed and dispatched, but it must [illegible] they are sent at the purchaser's risk. Where it is possible [illegible] goods, but this will be done, providing the purchaser [illegible]

We charge ten per cent. on the value of the purchases [illegible] this department.

All cheques, money orders, and postal orders must be [illegible] THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and all communications regarding [illegible] must be addressed to The Colonial Universal Supply Department, [illegible] MAN Offices, Westminghouse Building, Strand, London.

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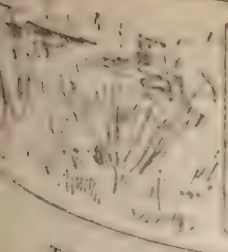
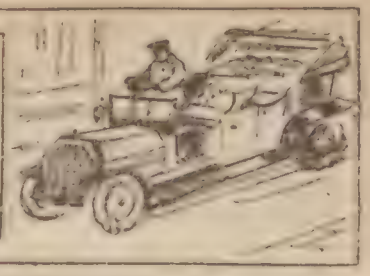


A DEAL IN GUNS



THE STORY OF AN INGENIOUS FRAUD.

By M. C. BLACKHALL.

... quaintest little shop in a quiet street in Mayfair. ... doorway was painted in faded white lettering: ... tow and Gilpin, Sporting and General Gunsmiths." ... casual glance at the little establishment, with its one ... sporting guns of obsolete pattern lying gloomily in ... indow, and the dull brown curtains shielding the in... from the gaze of curious passers, would have given ... the idea that Marlow and Gilpin did not sell as ... in a twelvemonth.

... they would have been wrong, for Marlow ... controlled practically the entire custom of the ... game-shooting fraternity, "big," or otherwise. ... as great solicitors' shelves are burdened with the ... steel deed-boxes of half Burke and Debrett, so could ... Mr. Marlow, who practically represented the firm ... days, doddering old Mr. Gilpin having for long been a ... partner, point with pride to gun-cases bearing ... of the most famous names that had ever figured in ... chorus romances or come before the President of ... and Admiralty Division.

... for this reason that Mr. Marlow, sitting in his ... office, was not flattered, as a minor trader ... when a clerk appeared with a card, and ... impression that the owner thereof had just dismounted ... various motor-car outside.

... Marlow took the card more or less idly, and read ... description: "Colonel the Hon. John Ponsonby-... Towers, Yorkshire."

... said Mr. Marlow. "What does he want, ...

... to buy some guns, sir," said the clerk.

... and sell him some," said the employer ... "What do you want to come and worry me for?"

... Beg pardon, sir," rejoined the other, "but the gentle... rather a fussy sort—wouldn't let me serve him ... myself. Insisted on seeing *you*, sir."

... Marlow shrugged his shoulders resignedly and got ... to his trousers from the creases they had ... in the sitting posture back to their wonted exquisite ... and followed his underling into the shop.

... immaculately top-hatted and morning-coated, but ... left hand bandaged and supported by a very neat ... made from a silk handkerchief, sat a broad-... bearded man of about forty, whose moustache, ... with his upper lip, gave him a distinctly military ...

... morning, sir," said Mr. Marlow with stately ... "What may I ——?"

... to buy some big-game rifles," said Colonel the ... Ponsonby-Fitzroy, abruptly. "I'm sorry to ... interrupted you when you were, no doubt, busy; but ... on dealing with the principals of a firm. It's my ... able custom. They're bound to know more about ... business than mere employees—so I find it much more ... sir."

... sir," said Mr. Marlow. "Here, sir, is a ... article at a moderate price."

... cut a fearsome-looking weapon, and did all ... things to it, most of which were accom... by ... sounds of greater or less intensity.

... a single-barrel, hammerless cordite rifle of ... he said glibly. "It has been adjusted and ... at 100; 200, and 300 yards, sir, and the price ... ."

... Colonel waved his left hand impatiently.

... good enough," he snapped. "Show me ... the best you've got—never mind the ... I have to demonstrate the working yourself, ... you see. I've cracked my right hand. ... door," he explained tersely. "Be all ... before I get out to East Africa."

... was Mr. Marlow's remark. "Ah, ... I think I've got just what you want. Here, sir, is a double-barrelled Snooker-Sanderson Hammerless High Velocity Cordite Rifle, intercepting, and the very latest ejecting device. The price is £51, sir."

"Ah, that's much better!" said the Colonel. "Put me up three of those, and some ammunition, and anything else you think I may need . . . "

"It comes to £168 15s., in all, sir," said Marlow, at last. "I fitted the rifles with patent anti-recoil pads and . . . "

"Good," said the Colonel, and produced a wad of notes from an inner breast pocket. "Do you mind counting these, and taking the necessary sum from them. My hand, you see . . . "

"I'm sorry, sir," said Mr. Marlow suavely. "There is only £120 there."

And he handed the notes back.

"Tut-tut!" said the Colonel. "And I've not got my cheque-book with me. Never mind, I'll send the chauffeur with a note to my wife at the Grosvenor Hotel, and she'll send me the balance while I wait here."

"Very good, sir," said the gunmaker.

"I—I hardly like asking you," said the Colonel, "but this confounded hand of mine . . . Would you be good enough to write the note for me?"

"Certainly, sir," said the obliging Mr. Marlow. "Do you object to our firm's business paper?"

"Not an atom," said the Colonel heartily. "Just write: 'My dear wife,—As soon as you get this send me £50 by bearer. I must have the money to complete a deal.'"

"I've got that, sir," said Marlow. "How shall I sign it?"

"Oh, just 'John,'" said Colonel Ponsonby-Fitzroy. "She always calls me that. 'Jack' makes me angry."

The chauffeur was despatched, and, to cheer the gallant Colonel's wait, Mr. Marlow ushered him into his little office, where he produced port and cigars of an excellence in keeping with the old-standing of Marlow and Gilpin.

Colonel the Hon. John Ponsonby-Fitzroy smoked and sipped for half an hour. Then he got up.

"'Fraid I can't wait any longer," he said. "Appointment at the War Office. Can't understand why that chauffeur isn't back. P'raps my wife wasn't in the hotel. Anyhow, if the money *does* come back, you can keep it as a deposit on the guns, and I'll call again to-morrow."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Marlow, and bowed him out.

When Mr. Marlow got home to his cosy house at South Norwood that evening his wife looked at him in considerable surprise.

"What *did* you want the money for, John?" she asked.

"Money—money—what money?" said he. "I didn't . . . "

He paused suddenly and gasped. She was flourishing a letter on the firm's paper and signed "John."

"A big car came and the chauffeur said you'd told him it was urgent," said his wife, "so, of course, I sent it at once. . . . What *is* the matter, John?"

Mr. Marlow, silent, stared blankly into space.

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WRITE FOR LISTS.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

"Lottery" (Oxford).—We don't know anything about the lottery you mention. Some foreign lotteries are genuine enough, but we never advise anyone to go in for them, as there are so many bogus tickets on the market.

W. H. S. (Whitehaven) has red hair, and wants a recipe for making it darker or lighter. We advise him to leave his locks alone. We had a ginger-headed friend once who tried to dye his hair black, and it came out a bilious-looking green.

"A Reader" (Leeds).—Consult the advertisement columns of the "Era."

A. E. King (51, Hardcastle Street, Peckham, London) is thinking of going to Australia to take up farming, and wants to correspond with readers farming in Australia or New Zealand, perferably League members.

R. S. (Pendleton) inquires what we should "call a reasonable price to pay for a common or garden bull pup?" Depends on how common or garden he is. You can get a thing that might be mistaken for a bull-dog for half a crown. Three guineas would be a fair price to pay for a decent specimen.

W. J. C. (Winnipeg).—The book you want is the "Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (A. and C. Black, Soho Square, London, price 1s.).

J. R. T. (Liverpool).—For particulars of Cape Mounted Police apply "Agent-General, Cape Colony, London." As we have some regard for our skin, we decline to say which is the best force abroad.

"Rex" (Merthyr Tydvil) asks whether there are any other holiday camps in existence from April to October besides "Cunningham's Camp" at Douglas. He has to take his holidays in May. Perhaps some reader will tell us.

A. C. F. (Luton).—During his long career, Lord Hawke made a trifle over 13,000 runs for Yorkshire, including ten innings of a hundred or more.

G. H. S. (Leicester) wants to know the nearest place to Leicester for camping out. As he is on the spot, he ought to know, but perhaps some kind reader will tell him.

J. E. (The Black Watch, Calcutta).—Thanks very much for your kind and interesting letter. Will find out about Customs and Excise entrance examination, and let you know direct. Light dumb-bell exercise will not hurt your running; but as you are a long-distance man you don't want to develop too much "top-hamper." Our compliments to Private Mac, who "although he can scarcely read, always manages to read your articles on boxing."

A. B. (Croydon).—Sorry we don't know the name of the firm that had the "Empire Roadster *Bycycle*" (*sic*) on the market, 1911, but this may catch their eye.

S. J. (Walton-on-Naze).—Mr. A. W. Gore, the tennis champion, is a member of a London [illegible] sale wine merchants, and was born on Jan. 2, 1[illegible].

D. R. (Wigan).—The angler's "Priest" is a club weighted with lead, and is used for killing fish by hitting them on the head. You should be able easily to make one for yourself, but to buy a good one costs about [illegible] trouble at all.

J. M. (West Hartlepool).—We publish this month an article on "The Art of Conversation," and shall publish one on "Writing a Sensible Letter." Your own is quite [illegible]

A. L. G. (Bideford) asks if a man can be tactful without being hypocritical. Certainly. True, that kind of tact sometimes takes the form of pretending not to see or hear [illegible] better left unnoticed may savour of hypocrisy, but [illegible] a genial sort of humbug which helps to oil the [illegible]

B. G. (Leytonstone).—Perhaps the best bait for [illegible] bread paste mixed with honey, but they will also [illegible] gentles, wasp-grubs, green peas, currants, almost [illegible]

R. A. R. (Dundee).—Aberdeen terriers have [illegible] ears; those of the Dandie Dinmont hang down.

C. L. (Watford).—The difference between a [illegible] a cigar is that the former is not pointed at either [illegible] one end is much larger than the other.

J. L. (Market Drayton), **A. W. B.** (Carrington), **[illegible]** (Portland), **E. M.** (S. Tottenham), **H. H. C.** (Ruabon), **H. C.** (Liverpool), **F. J. S.** (Bournemouth), **P. [illegible]** burgh).—Our best thanks to you.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

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Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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Have you not often been captivated by an individual woman—whose possession of an "undefinable something" [illegible] forget even [illegible] appearance [illegible] human [illegible] Power [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

REVIEWING AND DISCUSSING A VARIETY OF TYPES

In no department of cycle mechanism has such progress been made, or so many new devices introduced, as in the matter of brakes, and to enter really fully into the intricacies of this subject would call for the whole paper at least, and this, I fear, the Editor will not allow me. Consequently, keen cyclists must forgive any cursoriness in my references to the different varieties.

The old plunger brakes have gone, never to return. In their case, the brake was applied to the tyre, and the reason —a very good one—for their rapid abandonment by cyclists was that they wore out the outer-cover very quickly and increased the danger of punctures.

In these days of free-wheels the brake is, of course, an even more vital requirement than in former days; and the most widely-used combination is a rim-brake on the front wheel and a hub-brake on the back.

FIXINGS FOR RIM BRAKES.

Let us deal with the rim-brake first of all. A great many bicycles have the brake-lever supported from the handle-bar by clips, but a later introduction is for the supports to be welded into the bar. Each style has its adherents and its bitter opponents.

The advocate of the welded lever-support insists that the latter obviously cannot work loose, as the clipped one undoubtedly can and often does, but the devotee of the clip advances the argument that immovability is undesirable. The lever may be too tightly or too loosely adjusted, and it is eminently desirable that the supports should be capable of being removed for re-adjustment. This is a case for lengthy discussion among cycling experts; but, personally, I fancy that the majority will be on the side of the clipped support.

ON THE BACK WHEEL.

As most cycling veterans will know, the back rim-brake is generally applied by pedal action, and for the edification of novices this may be briefly described. A clutch is fitted to the pedal-crank, and when the cyclist is pedalling forward this clutch is out of action. When, however, he back-pedals, the clutch is driven back, and in its backward movement a short rod on its under-side pulls forward the stirrup and thus retards, or even stops, the movement of the machine.

The hub brake, which is situated in the hub, or axle, of the wheel, is so complicated an arrangement as to be difficult to describe adequately without the assistance of diagrams, so it will doubtless suffice to say that, here again, the action of back-pedalling is sufficient to apply the brake.

Amateur cyclists—by which I mean men who are not very great dabs at mechanics — generally very wisely have rim-brakes on both wheels in preference to a hub brake. This is because a hub, despite its undoubted advantages in other ways, is a very annoying customer if it happens to get out of order on a lonely road at night. The intricacy of its mechanical construction and its very position render it absolutely hopeless to repair it oneself—so that such a position as I have outlined would be only mildly described by the word unenviable.

The man, too, who is inclined to put his brake on with a jerk would be well advised to have rim-brakes, because hub-brakes, if applied suddenly, are notorious for jarring the mechanism of the machine.

Another variety of brake is the band brake, which consists of a band of thin sheet steel, encircling a drum on the back wheel. Either by the action of foot or hand, this band can be pulled into contact with the drum, and the degrees of tightness serve to slacken or to stop speed.

USE THE BACK BRAKE MOST.

Here is a useful hint. Always, except in an emergency, use your back brake. There are two cogent reasons for this. The first is that if you are going at a good pace and pull on the front wheel, you are very liable to go head first over the handle-bars. There is especial danger of this when going downhill.

Over-frequent action on the part of the front brake has also the effect, sooner or later, of straining the head of the machine.

T. F. PHILLIPS.

TURNING IN THE SWIMMING BATH.

To turn when using the over-arm stroke in a swimming bath, the best way is to place your lower hand flat against the side which is under water, take a good deep inspiration, swing the other arm round, then dip your head and draw up your legs.

This manœuvre has the result of turning your body. Then put both your feet against the wall of the bath and push off, shooting your arms forward. As the turn is made your head should be under water.

LOBWORMS.

The best place to find lobworms for bait-fishing is a lawn; the best time to catch them is a night after rain or heavy dew.

Armed with a lantern or a lighted candle and a small pail or bucket, you patrol the lawn, stooping so that the light shines on the grass.

Presently you will come on a lobworm lying full length. Don't grab at his head or he will probably escape. Try to nip him between finger and thumb close to the tail, which, as a rule, will be just inside the hole.

If the lobworm clings to the hole with his tail don't try to jerk him out violently, or he will probably break in two.

A few gentle tugs will soon bring him out.

Lobworms for stock should be kept in a tub or box filled with fairly moist earth. As many as will be required should be taken out and put in moss a day or two before fishing.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

GLOVES.

I am sorry to see the yellow wash-leather gloves that were popular last summer once more displayed in hosiers' windows.

Of course, this is merely an expression of personal opinion, with which you are perfectly at liberty to disagree, but I never liked these yellow gloves, though I do not deny that they were cool and comfortable.

But they struck me as obtrusive and slovenly. If we leave aside "practical" gloves, such as winter gloves or driving gloves, gloves are essentially a dressy article of attire. We do not wear gloves in summer for any utilitarian reason except, perhaps, when travelling on the Victoria-Crystal Palace-London Bridge line, as some protection from the amazing dirt of the carriages, but in this case we do not so much want gloves as a sack in which to envelop the whole of oneself.

No, we wear gloves as a rule to lend a finish to the toilet, and I hold that these yellow wash-leather gloves do not add finish to one's appearance, or rather they "finish" it so far as *tout ensemble* and artistic harmony are concerned. In my opinion one might as well wear carpet slippers on one's feet as housemaid's gloves on one's hands.

Moreover such gloves are obtrusive, and they make your hands obtrusive. Few of us can afford to call attention to the size of our paws. Therefore, I pronounce my ban upon yellow wash-leather and fancy gloves of all kinds.

For summer wear there is nothing more gentlemanly than grey suede, with or without black stitching. They go with any kind of clothes, bar, of course, flannels, with which gloves should not be worn, whereas my enemy, the yellow glove, seems to me fitted only for laying fires or cleaning silver, and certainly looks perfectly appalling when worn with frock or morning dress. Of course, you cannot go wrong with brown dogskin gloves, but they are, perhaps, a trifle heavy for summer wear.

PODGY HANDS.

A man may have gloves of the correct material and colour and yet be badly gloved.

Men with fat, podgy hands seem to have a fatal predilection for tight, single-button gloves. I don't say they should wear pillow-cases on their hands, but their gloves should be on the easy side, and have a longish wrist with two buttons, so as to make the hand look longer and more slender than it is.

Men with long thin hands should wear single-button gloves, short in the fingers, but easy across the palm.

This reminds me that it is no use going by the nominal size of a glove. No two pairs are exactly alike in the same size, and, therefore, with a little patience in trying on you can find the glove that suits your palmar peculiarities.

Gloves really should be made for one like boots, for one hand is not only usually larger than the other, but has material differences in shape, excrescences, and so on, and glove-makers do not, and indeed cannot, allow for these deviations from the normal. However, to have one's gloves built for one may savour of foppishness, and with a little care and the clear idea in your head that you, not the shopman, are going to wear the gloves, you can get a reasonably well-fitting pair.

But even so, do you wear them properly? Frequently the glove is dragged on to the hand and left a wrinkled offence. Men who would run away and hide if there were an unintentional crease in their trousers, will walk about unashamed with the fingers of their gloves half on half off, and the backs all awry and twisted.

There are worse offenders. There is the person—person I think is the right word here—who wears his gloves un-

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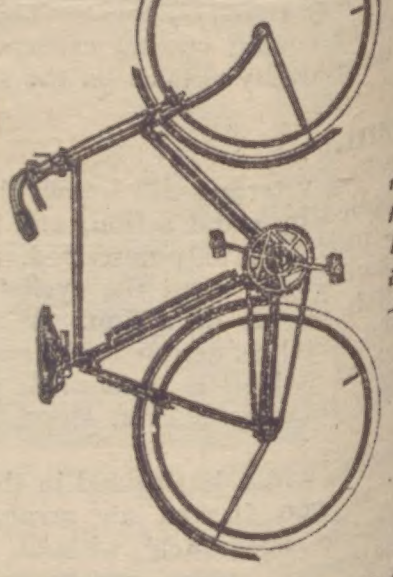

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buttoned. He would be surprised were you to suggest that he should appear in public with his boots unlaced or unbuttoned, yet this would be no more slovenly than the unfastened glove.

There is the man who chews his gloves, and he who always carries them in his hand till they are black and stained with perspiration; and there is the untidy man whose gloves always have a button missing. Want of taste in choosing, and negligence in wearing gloves, may easily mar an otherwise well-dressed man.

A THIEF-PROOF POCKET.

Recently I met a pal who was looking pretty down in the mouth. The source of his woe, I learned, was that while attending a small coursing meeting he had had £15 removed from his hip pocket.

I don't know who invented the hip pocket, but it is the worst place for carrying money or other valuables.

That part of the body is not sensitive to touch, while even if you do feel Mr. Artful Dodger's paw it is difficult to grab it behind your back.

Moreover, every time you put your hand to your hip-pocket you attract the attention of any lurking pickpocket.

The only thief-proof pocket I know of for racing men and others who habitually carry considerable sums of money, is a pocket *inside* the waistcoat and breast high.

I admit it is open to the objection that, like the hip-pocket, you can hardly use it without attracting attention if you are being watched, but I defy the cleverest of thieves to get his fingers into such a pocket unknown to you. Of course, neither this nor any other kind of pocket is proof against violence, but that is another question.

WEDDING GARMENTS.

"Petros" says he has been having an argument as to the proper garments a man should wear on the occasion of his departure from the state of single blessedness." He adds that he believes a frock-coat and silk hat to be essentially correct, but that he seems to remember my stating that less formal wedding garments were in fashion.

This is so, but I called attention to the informality—I should prefer to call it slovenliness—of modern wedding dress for men only to deplore it.

Personally I think a bridegroom should wear a frock-coat, but I must admit that the fashion of wearing a morning coat, first set by Mr. Marconi, is still in favour.

At one time the bridegroom wore a white or light-coloured waistcoat as a matter of course, but now many are content with a dark waistcoat and a white vest slip. This again is an innovation which does not meet with my august approval.

For the rest let your hat be silk and new, your tie and trousers light, your linen white, your gloves lavender, or cream-coloured, or a very light grey, and your boots, preferably, of patent leather.

Don't, however, let your boots be new. Of course, they mustn't be shabby, but get a new pair and wear them a few times before the ceremony. You see when you kneel down the soles of your boots will be exposed to the congregation, and there is apt to be unseemly mirth if they are obviously brand-new with, perhaps, the bootmaker's marks still on them.

CORRECT SWIMMING COSTUME.

Finally N. M., of New Brompton, asks me to describe "correct swimming costume."

The following are the dress rules of the Amateur Swimming Association:

1. The colour shall be black or dark blue.
2. Trimmings may be used ad lib.
3. The shoulder straps shall not be less than two inches wide.
4. It shall be buttoned on the shoulder, and the armhole cut no lower than three inches from the armpit.
5. In the front the costume shall reach not lower than two inches below the pit of the neck.
6. At the back it shall be cut straight from the top of the shoulder to top of shoulder.
7. In the leg portion the costume shall extend to within three inches of the knee, and shall be cut in a straight line round the circumference of each leg.
8. Drawers shall be worn underneath the costume. They must be of triangular pattern, with a minimum width of two and a half inches at the fork; they must meet on each hip, and be of not less width than three inches on each side when fastened.

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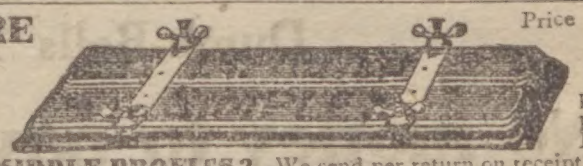

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